

THE American Girl

FEBRUARY 1949

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THE American Girl

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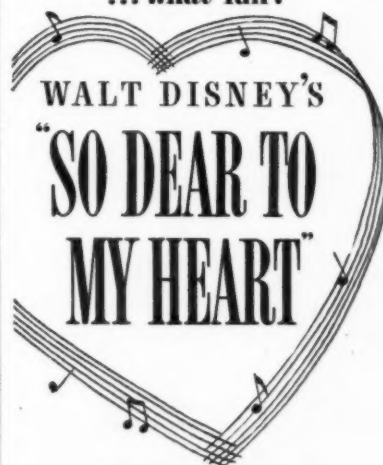
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NUMBER II

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"a county seat" head on!



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1. Seems it takes a humble Frosh to show me . . . a Superior Senior . . . that I'm but passé. Here's how it happens.

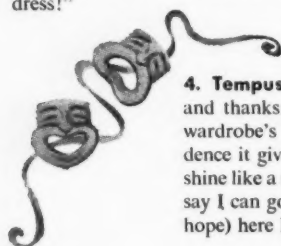
After three years I land the lead in the college play. First rehearsal my Freshie understudy turns up looking like a fashion plate.



2. I fade right into the scenery! Oh, misery! Only battered remnants of my wardrobe remain and my exchequer's too flat to refurbish it. What's more, I find we furnish our own dresses in the show. *What shall I wear? Won't I be a dim bulb, I'm moanin'!*



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4. Tempus fugit . . . it's opening night . . . and thanks to SINGER and my stand-in, my wardrobe's divine! Thanks, too, to the confidence it gives me, I forget my stage fright and shine like a star. And guess what . . . my parents say I can go to dramatic school! Broadway (I hope) here I come!

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February, 1949



So I'm Home Again

by Amelia Elizabeth Walden

JOLLY stood before the dresser in her bedroom and untied the ribbon in her hair. She tied it again, taking her time, pushing off the moment when she would have to go downstairs for breakfast. The face in the mirror was fresh and pretty and American. Anyone would have to be Hungarian himself to know where those high cheekbones and that ever-so-slight obliqueness to the eyes had come from.

No one at college had suspected for a moment. Not once the whole year. She thought again, how lucky it was that she had been able to get a scholarship to a Midwestern college. She looked around the room. Even after a week, it was still messy from her unpacking. Today she'd have to take her winter things to the cleaner's. It was time she got settled

Jolly tied the ribbon again, pushing off the moment for going down to breakfast

"All right," she said, still not looking at her brother. "Go ahead and say it. I'm a snob. That's what you're thinking!"

Illustrated by PAUL BURNS

and made definite plans for the summer.

Jolly Kery. The bold tan letters jumped up at her from the black cover of her trunk. Her name. Jolly Kery. There was nothing Hungarian about it at all. Thank goodness, it wasn't one of those unpronounceable Magyar names. Like her mother's maiden name. Yobbagy! She shuddered at the thought of it. When she had been very young, she had been smart enough to wipe out the Jolanna. "From now on, everyone must call me Jolly," she had announced to the family one day. And everyone had. Everyone but Uncle Zoltan.

She went over to the window and looked down at his little house next door. So I'm home again, she thought. She drew in a deep breath of home. The salt air from the Sound had the smell of clams in it. Uncle Zoltan's garden was spicy with the fragrance of pinks. She filled her nostrils with the salt and the spice, enjoying them. But only for a moment. Because immedi-



ately the odors of her mother's cooking sailed up the stairs from the kitchen and filled her room. They were having stuffed cabbage for dinner. It rolled into the room on waves of heat and filled every corner. She picked up the skirt of her playsuit and smelled it before she buttoned it around her waist. Stuffed cabbage in everything! It was awful.

All summer the house would be full of Hungarian cooking. Chicken paprika, and Hungarian soup with dumplings, and strudel, and goulash, and stuffed cabbage. No amount of coaxing on Jolly's part had ever been able to wean her mother from her old-country recipes. In summer sensible American families ate salads and sandwiches, hot dogs and hamburgers. American mothers went swimming with their daughters. They joined country clubs and drove cars, and didn't spend their days in the kitchen getting old and tired over a pot full of stuffed cabbage.

The rebellion which had been mounting inside Jolly all week rose to the surface and almost boiled over. She thought, "I can't stand it here for a whole summer. I simply can't. I've got to find something that will take me away. A job in Eastport would do it. It's too far to commute."

Thoughtfully she straightened the runner on her dressing table. Mother wouldn't like it if she took a job in Eastport. Mother would want her to spend her vacation with the family right here at home, where she could enjoy having them all together. But what was the good of being home when it made you so unhappy?

She stared around her room at the Hungarian touches. Crocheted doilies on the dresser and night table, a hand-made spread on the bed, crocheted pillow tops, even a crocheted lamp shade. She looked down at her clenched fists. She'd have to be careful or she'd blurt out what she was thinking in front of Mother. She mustn't do that.

At the door she paused a moment before going downstairs. Her brother Frank's door was partly open. She heard him moving around as he got ready to go down, too. In a way Jolly was sorry Frank was having his two weeks' vacation now. All last week she had felt him quietly watching her, as if he sensed what was going on inside her. Frank was different from her. Things didn't seem to bother him so much. When he had come back home after the war, he had taken up his life again without getting the family upset like some of the boys in the neighborhood. For a few months he had been very quiet, but that was all. He never worried Mother and Dad. He always told them where he was going when he went out, and he came home at a reasonable hour. Jolly had never heard him answer them back, even when he didn't agree with their ideas.

Jolly was thankful she didn't look Hungarian or have a queer name. For she planned to erase her background

"Frank's a good boy," Uncle Zoltan would say, with his mouth full of poppy seeds. "A nice, good Hungarian boy." And Jolly would want to snap Uncle Zoltan's head off.

Going down the stairs, Jolly could feel herself tighten all over. It was silly. Imagine getting so tense over a simple thing like eating breakfast. When she had first come home from college she had thought it was just the natural reaction of having been away for almost a year, living where the scenery and the people, and even the weather, were so different. She had expected that in a week this tension would have passed off.

Before she reached the kitchen she could hear her mother singing to herself, softly because she thought Frank was not up yet. Jolly stood for a moment in the doorway and watched her as she bent over the sink, cleaning up the pots from her cooking. Her mother's iron-gray hair, wet with perspiration, curled in tight ringlets all over her head, and there were dimples in her plump elbows. For just a second Jolly felt the impulse to rush up and pull her around and kiss her like old times. Then the odor of stuffed cabbage rushed at her and turned her stomach.

Mother turned around and said, "Good morning, Jolly."

"Good morning," Jolly reached for a dish towel.

Her mother took it away from her. "Have your breakfast first."

"I don't want any breakfast."

Her mother looked worried. "You don't eat enough."

Jolly compromised. "I'll have some orange juice." Her voice sounded so irritable that she was sorry at once. She thought, what's the matter with me? Why did I speak like that to Mother? She plugged in the toaster and her voice was gentler as she said, "I'll take a piece of toast."

Mother went back to her work so quietly that Jolly knew she was worrying about her, wondering what was wrong.

Frank came in with a newspaper under his arm. "Good morning," he said. "Guess it's going to be another hot one."

Mother watched the way Frank smiled, so easy and natural, and the two lines between her eyes disappeared. She dropped the dish towel and started into the pantry for dishes. Jolly stopped her. "I'll set the table," she said.

She went to the china closet in the dining room. In it were Mother's "good sets," five of them. Mother kept them there so that when the other ladies from the society in the Hungarian church came in, they could see that the Kerys had good dishes. Three times a year she took them out, lovingly washed them, and put them back. Everyone knew they were only for looks, and no one was supposed to touch them but Mother. Jolly's hands were shaking as she turned the key in the closet and opened it. She reached in and brought out two cups and saucers and two plates. She stopped in the doorway, and felt herself flush as her mother looked at the dishes.

"Everything in the pantry is chipped, or it doesn't match," Jolly explained, clutching the pink-and-gold cups and saucers in her trembling hands.

"All right, Jolly." Mother's voice was quiet. "There's a clean tablecloth in the sideboard."

Her mother turned to the refrigerator and got out the eggs for Frank's breakfast. Jolly saw, from the corner of her eye, that her brother had put down his newspaper and was staring at her. She thought, why don't they let me alone? Why don't they mind their own business?

She put the dishes on the table and went over to the window. Uncle Zoltan was working his way around his vegetable garden, plucking the weeds and handling the plants as if they were his personal friends. Since Aunt Jolanna had gone, they were his chief interest in life. Jolly watched the old man, his back still straight and strong, his white hair thick and curly. In the old days Uncle Zoltan had been one of her favorites. He was always so cheerful and happy. But this morning Jolly found herself actually disliking him because of these very qualities.

What had Uncle Zoltan to be so happy about? He'd never done anything big. He (Continued on page 40)

Jam Session at Abby's

by Helen Gregutt

Two shabby rooms with an alley view—that was Abby's home, and in five short weeks the other girls would know about it

ABBY TIGHE pinched herself. Five whole weeks at the academy hadn't convinced her that all this could be real, and actually happening to her. The hard pinch left a red wheel on her arm, but nothing changed. Kay Torrence and Shirley Graff were very much alive on the big sofa. "Orange Juice" still blared from the radio, and in the cleared space before the couch, Alice and Jane continued practicing the samba energetically.

Abby drank in the scene. The Exchange didn't look like school—at least like any school she had ever been to before she was admitted to the academy. The Exchange was a bright room with deep armchairs, draperies, and a gaily decorated snack bar along one wall. Abby blessed the half scholarship that had made it possible for her to become part of this fine music school which had seemed so inaccessible.

"I don't really belong here," she thought, looking at Shirley admiringly. Among the eight girls who were second-year students, Shirley stood out. She was pretty, smooth, and an outstanding musician in a school that headlined musical talent. "Maybe they'll never know that I don't belong," Abby thought with awakening confidence.

"What started you, Abby?" Shirley asked, jerking Abby out of her thoughts.

"A toy piano," Abby laughed, realizing that the talk had turned inevitably to music. "Mother gave it to me when I was little and she noticed how I loved it and picked out tunes by myself, so the family acquired a real piano and I started lessons." What she didn't tell Shirley was that the piano was a secondhand upright.

"It's a shame your mother's not alive to hear you play now," Kay said.

Abby flushed with pleasure at the implied praise, but an old ache started up inside her. Even when Mother was ill she had stubbornly insisted that Abby continue with her lessons. The expense of her mother's long illness and death had put Dad in debt, but Abby's music lessons never stopped. Only Dad had become a quiet, unsmiling man who never talked much to Abby about anything except her music, and now home was no more than a place to eat, sleep, and practice. Abby shook off the depressing thoughts, conscious that the talk had shifted.

"When do we start our jam sessions again?"

Abby looked at them inquiringly. The jam sessions were something she hadn't heard about.

"We all live in such scattered parts of the city," Shirley explained, "that last year we had weekly jam sessions, to give us



Illustrated by FRED IRVIN

a chance to get together outside of school one evening a week."

"Friday night was best," Kay picked it up, "because we could stay out later, and no studying. Each week we held the session at a different girl's house. That means you play hostess once in eight weeks."

Abby sat very still. It had to happen. She might have known. Things couldn't go on being perfect. She tried to imagine Kay and Shirley and the others in the tiny two-and-a-half-room walk-up she shared with Dad.

Kay had a paper and pencil. "Friday at my house," she said as she wrote. "Who's next?"

"Shirley!" Alice and Jane said together. "Her jam sessions were always best."

"I'll have to be third," Shirley laughed. "We're being painted."

Kay wrote swiftly. "Alice second. Shirley third. Jane



Abby tried not to seem amazed at the big building, the doorman, and the canopied entrance

fourth." She paused. "Can we make you fifth, Abby, and then fill in the rest when we see the other girls?"

Suddenly Abby was conscious of their eyes on her. There was no way out. She nodded dumbly. Five weeks was a long time, she consoled herself. But it wasn't really. Look how quickly these past five weeks had flown. Five weeks to build up in and five weeks to be let down in. Why did she ever hoped these girls wouldn't find out that she really didn't belong?

Mechanically she gathered up her books and followed the others out to the locker room. She slid into the jacket of the glen-plaid suit Dad had bought for her, along with the other clothes that made her look in place at the academy.

"Can you stop at my house for a while, Abby?" Kay Torrence asked.

"Sorry, have to be home early," Abby answered quickly, unable to face the thought of Kay's house.

Now they were out on the street, saying good-by. Abby struck out alone for the subway that would carry her to Brooklyn. The other girls lived in Manhattan, in homes that were probably all like Kay's. Last week Abby had visited Kay and the memory of it was vivid. The Torrences lived in a modern apartment building overlooking Central Park. There was a doorman, a carpeted, mirrored entrance hall, an elevator man.

Abby lifted her head to the breeze. Her face felt hot and flushed. She was remembering how hard it had been not to show her amazement at the Torrences' apartment with its living room the size of a skating rink, its fireplace, and the beauty of the grand piano that was the focus of the room.

"You've got plenty to be grateful for, Abby Tighe," she scolded her blurred reflection in a grimy platform mirror. But the scolding didn't cheer her, and she boarded her train and rode glumly to her station.

(Continued on page 24)



Pach Brothers

Mrs. Roosevelt's United Nations work underlines her energy and her tolerance

First Lady of the U.N.

by Sally Knapp

THE members of the Commission on Human Rights sat along a wide table toward the front of a large hall. In the middle of the group, the chairman, Eleanor Roosevelt, sat facing the speakers' platform. Through earphones she listened to the debate intently.

Before her, on the table, was a sign with UNITED STATES in three-inch letters. Suddenly she grasped it and waved it frantically in the air, as a signal that she wanted to be heard.

The eyes of her colleagues turned toward the tall stately woman, just one inch short of six feet, as the presiding officer recognized her. At

sixty-four her blue eyes sparkled with enthusiasm as young as ever, and now and then the long-fingered, expressive hands moved quickly as she talked, reflecting the tremendous energy felt by all who have known her.

Her words echoed strongly from the walls of the assembly. "I'm afraid," she said quietly, "that I must disagree with the honorable gentleman from Russia on that last point. Such words as 'caste' and 'class' are outgrown. We admit the distinctions still exist, but we don't want to emphasize them."

After a few more words from Eleanor Roosevelt, the debate continued.

This meeting was the climax of three years' work for Eleanor Roosevelt in the United Nations Assembly. The Commission on Human Rights, under her chairmanship, had met more than one hundred times, to draft the preamble and twenty-eight articles of a document known as the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. This charter, if passed by the General Assembly, would set certain standards for the fifty-eight member nations in regard to such rights as freedom from arbitrary arrest, the right to work, the right of every individual to have an education—privileges which most Americans take for granted, but which have not existed up to now in many countries.

At the Paris meeting, twenty-seven of the articles had been passed—not without heated debate and endless revision and rewording—but they had been passed. Now approval of the final article had reached the sticking place. If the members could reach agreement, the Declaration would be ready to submit to the General Assembly. Then, when the Convention was written and presented to the Economic and Social Council in the spring, if accepted would have the weight of a treaty, and obligate every nation ratifying it to make its laws conform to those principles accepted in the Convention.

The furrows between Eleanor Roosevelt's eyes deepened. The debate over ownership of property had been raging now for two hours. Maybe it was just foolish optimism to think that fifty-eight different cultures, races, and governments ever could reach agreement. Another ballot was being taken. She clutched her earphones and pressed them tightly to her head, leaning forward in her chair.

Results of the vote came over the

She has delivered a thousand lectures, and become one of the world's keenest citizens

International News Photo



February, 1949

phones—six opposed, eight abstaining from voting, forty-four in favor of ratification. Eleanor Roosevelt relaxed her tight grip and sat back. The Declaration of Human Rights has been passed. A warm smile lighted up her face as she turned to the other members of the Commission. "These articles will be the cornerstones in building a peaceful world," she told them simply.

Work in the United Nations is the high spot in Eleanor Roosevelt's varied career. It brings into use all the self-discipline, unselfishness, force, and energy that she has developed through the years. As United Nations delegate she is just herself—only more so.

She did not become the person she is today just by chance. There were many handicaps to overcome, for Eleanor Roosevelt was a shy, timid, ugly-duckling girl; a self-conscious, repressed young woman. Her gracious ease, and poised, cheerful personality today are the result of self-discipline. Out of loneliness grew the deep desire to help others, the tolerance for their weaknesses, and an understanding of their needs. Out of a strict upbringing in a wealthy, aristocratic household grew the strong self-discipline.

Her mother had beauty and charm, but little understanding of her daughter's problems; and her father, who loved and understood her, spent many years away in a sanitarium and died when Eleanor was only nine. As for her two brothers, she always felt somewhat apart from them. They seemed so close to their mother, and she missed her father terribly.

Unconsciously, Mrs. Roosevelt did things that accentuated her daughter's

shyness. Looking up when Eleanor entered the room where she was entertaining a visitor, she would say, "Come in, Granny." And to the visitor she would add, "She's such a funny child, so old-fashioned." At such times, the girl wished she could sink through the floor.

The kindness for which Eleanor Roosevelt is so well-known today had its roots in her childhood. She was always deeply touched by the suffering of any human being or animal, and her immediate reaction was to do what she could to help.

When she was only six years old, she took a trip with her father through southern Europe. One day the two travelers stopped at Sorrento. Eleanor was fascinated by the donkey boy and his sturdy animals. "Come," her father invited, seeing her interest, "take a ride. The boy will guide you."



Eleanor adored her father, a charming man who understood his shy daughter

Photos on this page courtesy Harper & Brothers



The camera shows a tall seven year old girl, grasping brother Elliott's hand

Eleanor mounted the small, chunky animal willingly enough, and her father watched the two disappear around a bend in the road, the little donkey boy running alongside, his bare feet skillfully picking the way past rocks and trees, and over the rough path.

But a moment later three figures were headed unmistakably toward him. He ran to meet them. "What's wrong?" he asked his daughter, who, panting and perspiring, was running alongside the donkey, while the boy, grinning happily, sat astride the placid animal.

"Nothing, father," Eleanor smiled up at him. "The boy's feet were cut

and bleeding, and I felt so sorry for him I couldn't enjoy the ride. It's better this way, because I have shoes."

Both of her parents, and her brother Elliott, died when Eleanor was still very young, and she and her baby brother, Hall, went to live with her maternal grandmother, who believed in discipline. She said "No" so consistently that to avoid disappointment, Eleanor often pretended not to want to do many things which she really wanted to do very much.

It was her grandmother's idea to keep Eleanor as young in dress as possible. So the thin, gangly child, a good deal taller than other girls her age, was forced to wear at parties and dancing classes "clothes perhaps appropriate to my age, but not to my size." Her dresses, usually made over from someone else's, were above her knees, and high-laced shoes—supposed to keep her ankles slim—emphasized her leginess. She was tortured by being different.

Luckily, when Eleanor was fifteen her grandmother decided to send her to Europe for an education and enrolled her in a school called Allenswood, not far from London. The regime there was strict, but Eleanor learned to live with others her own age, gained self-confidence, and became less of an introvert.

Mlle. Souvestre, the head of Allenswood, developed a particular fancy to the American girl, and took her traveling through Europe with her on summer vacations. For the first time in her life Eleanor Roosevelt had

(Continued on page 47)



The American Girl



DO learn the soap-and-water habit. For normal skin, use a mild toilet soap and facial brush twice daily

A young-skin authority gives you her formula for getting and keeping a prettier complexion

YOU may not know it, but when Mother was a girl, teenage complexion problems were quite generally ignored. Then, only the magic wand of age gave the right to use sweet-smelling lotions and softening creams. Even such difficulties as acne, blackheads, and pimples were considered necessary evils of adolescence—to be borne patiently until outgrown.

Now, of course, it's accepted that teen-agers have a right to their own beauty curriculum. Today, young-complexion problems are squarely faced. The question, "What caused these conditions?" is asked, and then steps are taken to correct them.

Believe me when I tell you that I've counseled thousands of girls here and in England and when it comes to the ABC's of beauty, even college seniors have a lot to learn. Let's start with the fundamentals and study them as conscientiously as we do the verbs in Latin grammar. Logically, the first lesson is to determine our own personal skin type; the next, to find out how to care for it.

First, we'll take a look at the normal skin—the peaches-and-cream skin that's not too oily, not too dry, doesn't have unsightly blemishes. You lucky teen-agers who see a skin like that in your mirror can thank your stars. But don't trust to nature and luck alone to keep it that way. A normal skin requires attention and care, too! Are you following the rules?

Rule "A" that every teen-ager must know: healthy living makes

Beauty is Skin Deep

by **Rose Laird**

DON'T squeeze pimples, whiteheads, or blackheads. It may infect adjoining cells and mean lasting scars



Photographs courtesy of Rose Laird

a healthy skin. How many chocolate sundaes do you eat a week? How much rich meat floating in fatty gravies? Start budgeting yourself for beauty's sake this week. Substitute a dessert salad for pie à la mode. Experiment with various tangy dressings and mixtures of fruits and vegetables that suit your taste. Eat plenty of green and yellow vegetables—spinach, string beans, carrots, and the like. See that you drink a quart of milk a day, and eight glasses of water.

Do you pretend the clock has stopped when you're reading an exciting novel at night, promising yourself you'll make up the extra hour of sleep tomorrow night? Be more particular from now on. Those lost hours can rob your skin of that extra glow, dull the sparkle in your eyes, erase the shine from your hair. Eight hours of sleep every night are a must, and more, even better.

Basic rule "B" for those of you with normal skin is to keep it clean—but really clean. You'll need a complexion brush, mild complexion soap, and the determination to make using those tools a habit. Remember, twice a day, morning and night, a thorough, lukewarm sudsing of face and neck is quite as important as brushing your teeth. Rinse away the suds carefully, ending up with an exhilarating splash of cold water.

Now, let's pretend that your take-it-for-granted normal skin suddenly begins to feel shrively, tight, and dry. Perhaps the chilly winds of winter or steam-heated classrooms have stolen the natural oil from your skin. To remedy this situation keep up your twice-a-day scrubbing, but in addition use a lubricating cream at bedtime. Nothing heavy, please—select a light, young-type cream that doesn't just float on the surface of the skin but actually is absorbed, and smooth it gently over face and neck before retiring.

A film of the same lubricating cream used during the day will

(Continued on page 31)



this business of boys



by **Sallie Sewell**

Drawings by **JERRY CUMMINS**

NATURALLY, you hope we're going to give you a magic abracadabra for getting along with boys. Frankly, we'd like to, but there just isn't anything as simple as that—boys aren't any more all of a pattern than are girls.

Just take a few of the boys you know. What's that? You don't know any? You aren't having dates yet? We didn't say "dates." We said "boys." And really, the two aren't a different species of animal. You know Bill, don't you, who lives next door; and Tom, who delivers your newspaper; and your cousin, Sam? You may be fortunate enough even to have a brother who provides a wonderful laboratory for studying the male animal. Or you have a dad, or an uncle or so, who used to be boys—and who aren't so different now, if you look closely.

Just as a beginning, what about making a mental list of all the males between ten and sixty whom you know or have some chance of observing? Quite a list, isn't it? Well, it's from understanding these—how they are alike, how they are different, and how to get along with them smoothly—that you will learn how to get along with boys in general. Not all you need to know about it, perhaps, but a lot.

Suppose we take the \$64 question teen-age girls are always asking, "What kind of a girl do boys like?" Ask yourself what kind of girl Bill would like. Or Frank? Or Tom? Or Sam? Would she be the same? Well, hardly.

One might like a girl who is a whiz at tennis and swimming, as he is, while another boy might think primarily of appearance in a girl and how well she dances—whether she seems the

most popular in a crowd. The next boy, though, might prefer that a girl not be the life-of-the-party type at all, but rather that she know something about books and plays, which are his interests. A girl who is shy might make this young man seem self-confident by comparison, and he might like that.

Or again, just because he is shy, he might like a girl who's a good conversationalist; while a fifth boy, who talks like a phonograph record, might prefer no competition from females. The only way you can know is to study so that you understand the particular Toms and Sams and Franks in your family or neighborhood or town.

But once you understand what kind of girl your glamour-boy Bill likes, you ask, do you make yourself over? If Bill likes little frilly curls and cute sayings, do you dash out at once for a new hairdo and a joke book? No, wait a minute. Do you like people who are imitations? You like boys who are spontaneous and genuine in their interests, don't you? Boys who are natural?

Well, boys feel the same way, and that's point number one which you've discovered for yourself about what boys like in girls. And you discovered it the same way you will discover anything else worth knowing about getting along with people—by observing them and yourself.

Of course, nobody says that being your real self is as easy as it sounds. If you're like a lot of people, you've gotten so in the habit of doing what other people like or expect of you that you're not entirely sure what that real self is. Well, take time

(Continued on page 31)



THE STORY SO FAR

With the money from the cherry harvest, orphaned Elena Trujillo hoped to escape from Mirador, the sleepy New Mexican village where she lived with her grandmother, doña Lucia and her great-grandfather, don Cirilo. But doña Lucia broke her leg and because of initial neglect—there were no doctors in Mirador—it promised to heal slowly, if at all. The nursing and all the myriad tasks of a primitive Spanish homestead fell to the girl. Letters from her brother, Emilio, and the handsome Natán, who figures largely in her dreams, drove her frantic with their tales of the glamorous “anglo” world of Pueblo where they worked. A neighbor’s child was run over and there was no doctor to treat his serious injuries. The lack of medical care troubled Elena and then a Mirador boy, Juan Duarte, offered her a chance to leave all the work and worry behind and get a job in Albuquerque.

PART THREE

ELENA floated home, for once unaware of the steep ascent of the road. Here was the opportunity of which she had dreamed for the past two years. She could not let it escape her now.

As for doña Lucita, perhaps Juan was right, much as Elena disliked to admit that he could be right about anything. At first her grandmother would be hurt by Elena’s slipping away to Albuquerque, but in the end she would be glad. And even at first doña Lucita would manage very well, for Elena knew that she was used to hardship and nothing could defeat her.

Moreover, it was only right and wise for Elena to get away from Mirador while she was young. Look at the village! There was a fragile little old woman mending a roof, hiring out to do such dangerous work because her husband and her children had all died years ago. Here was an old man “stomping” adobe, painfully, because he had a shattered hip. There was Refugio, whose mother wasn’t sure what was making her ill; and Pedro, with his injury untended. Here was the village: the tourists called it picturesque, neat, thrifty, yet it was full of sick and crippled bodies. All her life it had been so, but she had not been aware of it.

She remembered when Sister Benedetta had set the class to

collecting wild flowers, and Elena suddenly had found wild flowers on every side, though she had never seen them before. Just so she had taken for granted the neglected health of the valley, but now it loomed up frighteningly. It was unbearable. She would not be tied to it any longer. She would get away while she could.

When the next morning was still new, she stealthily packed her few clothes in Emilio’s laundry-mailing case and hid it in the storeroom where she could easily get it after supper. She would spend the rest of the day getting things shipshape for her grandmother before she stole away.

But the day upset all her plans. Scarcely had Miss Ann driven away, taking doña Lucita to the hospital for the doctor’s checkup, when a wailing cry from the next house took Elena on trembling legs up the road. A little later she trudged sorrowfully home to pick all the flowers she could find and carry them to the house of mourning. Even with her secret plan hurrying her heartbeats she could not be unmindful of Pedrito and his family. Luckily for her, there were plenty of neighbors to help, lining the pine box the father made, putting the neat house in still more immaculate order, fetching food and flowers. So Elena could fly back to her tasks and let the gay fragments of her dreams flutter through her mind as she worked. Tonight!

In the afternoon Pedrito’s father carried the small coffin on his shoulder to the graveyard, while family and friends followed. Elena put aside her secret gaiety and left her work to make one of the sad procession, her arm through don Cirilo’s to steady his steps.

She was racing to catch up with the lost time when Miss Ann’s car drove up, and Elena hurried out to help get doña Lucita into the house. Don Cirilo watched them from the door.

“Still a cast!” he exclaimed. “I looked to see you come gamboling like a young kid, daughter. When does the doctor say you will be dancing again?”

Incredulously Elena saw her grandmother’s strong chin jerk painfully.

“What says the doctor?” the old man demanded.

Doña Lucita, her moment of weakness passed, answered in a firm voice. “The doctor is not God. And as for the pictures he claims to take inside my very bones, I am not convinced.”

That was all she would say, but Elena learned more when she followed Miss Ann out to the car. Such damage had been done by the delay in setting the bone that it was unlikely the leg ever could be used again, except painfully, and with crutches. An operation might or might not help, or a series of operations, but doña Lucita refused to submit to any. Yet an indomitable will like hers sometimes worked wonders.

Elena Finds Tomorrow

by Florence Crannell Means



Illustrated by RICHARD BAUER

Early in the morning, she packed her few clothes in Emilio's laundry-mailing case. The secret plan hurried her heartbeats

For a moment after Miss Ann had gone, Elena stared unseeingly after her. The rainbow brightness of her plans fell in tarnished rags around her. Heavyhearted, she went in and set about cooking supper. Doña Lucita was rocking, and humming loudly as she rocked. It was clear that she wanted to keep to the familiar levels. She even scolded Elena with a show of her everyday sharpness when they sat at supper.

"You stare about like one bewitched," she said. "I suppose you are mooning about some silly boy."

"Boy? No!" sputtered Elena. "I was thinking of Pedrito—and many other things." If they only knew about the automobile which soon would be waiting to take Elena to a bright new world! Her heart skipped a beat at the thought.

"Poor little Pedrito. Poor doña Catarina." Doña Lucita shook her head sadly.

"And not only Pedrito, but all the sick and dying in Mirador," Elena burst out. "With no doctors, no nurses."

"And is that something new?" her grandmother asked dryly.

"But Taos has a clinic," Elena protested. "Other towns have health centers. Why not Mirador?"

She stopped, fired with the excitement of a new dream. Yes, why not Mirador? Why not a clinic with doctors and nurses in attendance for El Mirador?

Certainly the little settlement needed such help. How astonished everyone would be if she, Elena, the scatterbrain, the

(Continued on page 42)

by Jeane Hoffman



Photo above by International News
All others courtesy of Scholastic Coach

THINK you're a pretty representative American? Know your constitutional bylaws and Skeezik Wallet's comic in-laws? Know how many nuts go in a banana split and how many hours make up a split shift?

You can't call yourself an All-American girl unless you also know something about the only All-American game of basketball. Born and bred in the shadow of a college citadel, basketball's as Yankee as a Doodle, as native as nylons, and as natural a way to relax and shake off those study-period hips as a Saturday night date!

After all, tennis is a French game, golf a Scot's heritage, baseball's a sort of second cousin to English "rounders," while football bows to Rugby. Even our old friend lacrosse started with the Indians, and Canadian Indians at that.

It remained for a Yankee college instructor, Dr. James Naismith of Springfield College in Massachusetts, to invent the wholly American game of basketball back in the late 1800's. Dr. Naismith, the story goes, invented the game for his own students, but from a spectator point of view, it's now America's most popular sport with some 19,000,000 fans—surpassing even football and baseball. The good doctor may have had boys in mind, but basketball is just as much a girls' game today. In fact, your mother played it, too, but there's as much difference between yesterday's and today's rules as between the floppy gym bloomers that Mom wore, and the short gym suit of today.

The lady who is one of the greatest experts on the modern game you play is pleasant-faced Wilhelmine Meissner of Bay-side High, a large school fifteen miles from New York, out

in the Long Island suburbs. Miss Meissner is head of physical education for girls at Bayside, but beyond that she was for six years chairman of the National Basketball Committee, is the author of two books on girls' basketball, and is currently on the advisory board of the National Basketball Committee. She's also been putting out winning teams at her school for years. That's why all the hints given here—improving your basketball with a bushel basket, jumping rope, secret signals, modern dancing, sleight-of-hand work, and other means—are worth reading. For they're all straight from her to you.

First for the forwards who lead the most glamorous life on the court, in the opinion of most girls. You know how it is in football—everybody wants to be the quarterback and run with the ball? Well, it's just the same in basketball. The forward is in the shooting spotlight, with all eyes upon her as she bounds down for the basket. Yes, she might just as well be in the third row of the balcony if her Hooper Rating isn't up to par, but in addition she must have ability for quick stops and starts, for handling the ball, for changing direction. And her efficiency at passing, keeping the ball moving until she's in good shooting position, is vital.

For that reason, one of the first things Miss Meissner tells her forwards is to de-emphasize the long pass—the ball heaved straight down the court as far as possible. A long pass is a dead giveaway; it gives every girl on the floor a chance to time exactly where and when it's going to land. In fact, there's now a rule that there must be two passes before anyone can attempt a goal.

The best scoring plays are set up from fast, lateral passes from girl to girl, or quick pivotal bounces which are very deceptive. To improve passing, volleyball is one of the best prep courses a girl can have as a prerequisite for basketball. Through volleyball you can develop the feel of the ball, skill in fingering it and determining the speed with which it travels. Girls who've had even one summer of volleyball usually catch on much more quickly in basketball to the art of clever, well-timed passing.

For instance, soft and hard passes depend mostly upon the situation of your receiver. If you're sure of where's she's going, a hard pass will get the ball there more rapidly with less chance of interception. Soft, low passes are good if your teammate is close by; or loop it or juggle it over your opponent's head. Always mix 'em up!

The best way to get in scoring position is to work the ball downfield with a succession of short, con-



Useful two-hand, cross-chest pass

trolled passes thrown just a little ahead of the receiver—who *must* be on the run. If you're stationary, you're a marked gal! Don't get pinned to "X marks the spot," or your pesky guard will anchor you there. Run circles around her; keep on the move.

Passes take plenty of practice. One good way is for three forwards to get together at recess or after school. Start by standing in a circle and just tossing the ball from one to another to get over your butterfingers. Throw slowly, varying your throws—chest, overhead, cross-chest, bounce, and other passes. Then

quicken your pace and start one girl running. Then two girls. Finally, all three of you are moving and tossing the ball back and forth with quick, sharp movements, throwing the ball first soft, then hard: high if an imaginary opponent is between you, low if you're throwing to the side of her. After you have passing down pat, you can start to work out co-ordinated team plays.

Footwork and elevation play important parts here, and believe it or not, nothing helps more than our old friends the jump rope and the ballroom! Jumping rope keeps you light on your feet and gives you that "spring" and elevation necessary for both passing and leaping up to catch the ball on the



Flip shot to the basket, well aimed

rebound, especially when it's coming off the backboard.

A basketball player should dance all she can—and that's a pleasurable assignment! Graceful footwork and muscular control are part of the body co-ordination which dancing develops. You can't be a tanglefoot and be a good dancer. The same goes for basketball; you've got to keep your feet straight and know instinctively where to put them, just as you follow your partner in dancing without a blueprint to show where you're going.

The pivot play on both the bounce and the pass also is related to dancing. If you're accustomed to turning in a quick circle to right or left on the dance floor, it shouldn't be difficult for you to get the knack of whirling suddenly away from your guard—while keeping one foot in its initial position on the floor—and bouncing the ball in the opposite direction. On the pivot bounce, your body acts as a shield as you turn.

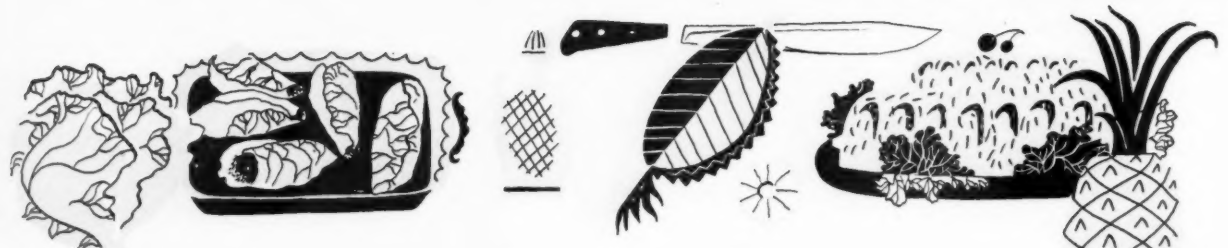
That brings us to the most specialized parts of basketball: team plays and shooting. Every good team has at least three sets of floor plays worked out which they can pull out of their pocket to score with—simple plays, perhaps, but well-timed, practiced until they've become second nature to each girl, and designed to shake their best scorer loose down by the basket with the ball. Secret signals are valuable for notifying a teammate of where you want her to be. For example: a forward may step to the line with the right foot forward, which flashes a signal to her teammate, or she may stand feet astride before she throws the ball. A quick movement of the hand brushing back hair can be a guard's signal, or one hand held slightly behind her. Most signals are visual.

Curious about that bushel basket we mentioned? It comes in handy for shooting practice. Let's say our team has worked the ball down to the basket. Now they've got to score! But shooting takes highly concentrated practice and skill, more than you can crowd into a gym period unless you stay after school. So do a little homework, and surprise the coach and your pals by your skill! Get a bushel basket from the grocery store and knock the bottom out of it. Then mark off a backboard on your garage wall four feet high by six feet wide, ten feet above the ground, and nail up your grocery-store hoop.

(Continued on page 45)

Slow-motion sequence showing, top to bottom, "Stealing a Dribble." Note agility with which the guard, left, moves into the play, and knee action of both players. If a forward uses frequent dribbles and bounces, guard her loosely





Internationally Flavored

by Judith Miller

Drawing by KELLY OECHSLI

Americans are always looking for new adventures in good eating. Take Italian Spaghetti, Chinese Chop Suey, Mexican Chili Con Carne—you'll find those names on the menus in hundreds of our restaurants, crowded day after day by Americans who appreciate interesting, well-seasoned foods.

Foreign foods are not necessarily expensive, nor do they all require unusual, hard-to-find ingredients. Some of the tastiest are often the thriftiest. Many of them originated in humble peasant cottages where there was little in the way of money and supplies. A true gourmet cooks with her imagination, rather than with her pocketbook.

This month we bring you recipes for foreign dishes that you can easily make in your own kitchen. Try one or more for a family meal, or for a party on one of February's celebration days. More fun still, use the whole menu given here, and with friends, plan a round-robin, international dinner party—each course to be given in a different home. Draw lots for courses, or decide among yourselves which part of the meal you'd like to prepare. Usually it's best to end up at the house with a rumpus room, for

games and dancing after dessert.

All the dishes suggested can be prepared in advance, so that a few minutes warming up will be all the on-the-spot preparation. Another blessing—no one will be left with all the dishes at the end. Let the crowd help clear them away before progressing to the next house on the list.

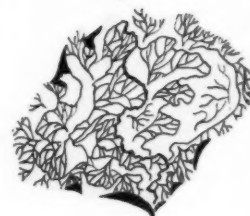
Each hostess should make herself responsible for the appropriate table decorations. The national flag of the country represented by your course is one idea, and perhaps you can find simple peasant linen or a centerpiece that will help carry out your international flavor. Here is the menu:

French Onion Soup
Swedish Cabbage Rolls
Italian Garlic Bread
Hawaiian Molded Salad
Dutch Apple Cake
Milk or Russian Tea

FRENCH ONION SOUP

4 cups thinly sliced onions	5 beef bouillon cubes
5 tablespoons butter, margarine, or salad oil	5½ cups water
¼ teaspoon pepper	1 teaspoon salt
	Toasted French bread
	Grated Parmesan cheese

(Continued on page 25)



Best Bib Forward

Old-fashioned charm in crocus-crisp cotton blouses—fresh as a spring day

Drawings by
JUNE STEINGART



1. Carol Dean's wide-bibbed blouse is a miracle of shirring detail. A neat tab collar tops it off, and note the tiny buttons. Teen sizes 10-16, it's \$3.98 at McCreery's, New York

2. Pert and trim is this Judy Kent broadcloth blouse. The new cuffed neckline and rounded bib are edged with eyelet. Order it for \$2.98 from Gimbel's, Pittsburgh—teen sizes 10-16

3. Two for the price of one! The flower bib on Deltown's broadcloth blouse can be re-

moved, leaving a boat neckline. In teen sizes 10-16, \$4.98 at Crowley Milner, Detroit

4. Portrait of a Victorian lady by Judy Kent. Broadcloth blouse with pointed bib and delicate pastel eyelet trimming. In young-teen sizes 10-14, \$2.98 at J. N. Adam, Buffalo

5. This batiste blouse designed by Carol Dean is ruffled all around a soft tucked bib and Peter Pan collar. In young-teen sizes 10-14 it's yours for \$3.98 at McCreery's, New York



A suit is fashion's first sign of spring! Here is an exciting story of suits for many moods—light-toned in tweeds, neat in glen plaids and checks, smart in classic gabardines. Mix and match your skirt wardrobe with new flared or boxy jackets. Dressed up or worn casually, here are perfect suits for spring days to come. These fashions can be had at stores on page 49.

Left. Flaring full in back, Barbara's Dior suit has a high collar and cuffed bottom. All-wool check in teen sizes 10-16. About \$35

Mix and match in Touraine's boxy, checked suit (below right) about \$25. Extra, solid skirt (below left) about \$6. Young-teen sizes 10-14

The American Girl is Sweet on Suits





Left. Trim and well-tailored, a three-button classic designed by Vogue in fine worsted and rayon gabardine. For teen sizes 10-16, about \$30

Above. Easy-to-fit is a back-belted, semifitted classic suit by Derby. Of worsted and rayon glen plaid in young-teen sizes 10-14 and about \$20

by Carol Daneis

Photographs by William Benedict

Buttons and Bows



9190

4612

9307

9190: For daytime, date-time, now, and come spring, a pinafore or casual dress with flared skirt; tiny, low-cut waist; smooth semiprincess lines. In sizes 12-18, size 16 requiring $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35-inch fabric plus $\frac{1}{4}$ yard contrast

4612: Designed for easy sewing and sizes 12-18, this blouse has the gay, crisp look! Perfect topping for the skirt sketched, and fine for a spring suit. Size 16 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 39-inch material. Fabric shown in small, rear-view sketch: Cohama's Feathersilk Print

9307: The back-interest skirt with huge pockets and a soft-falling hemline is a high fashion note. Imagine it in lightweight wool or, for dress up, in rustling faille. Sizes 24-32 inches; size 28 uses 2 yards 54-inch fabric

4694: Note the full sleeves caught in a lace-edged cuff, the enchanting collar line of this dainty blouse. Make it in several fabrics for several uses. Teen sizes 10-16. Size 12 needs $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch fabric



4694





4651

4526

4791

4651: Try this one in crisp gingham or pastel chambray. The gay apron effect and ruffle trim are news, and the sewing is simple. Teen sizes 10-16. For size 12, you will need $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material plus the ruffling

4526: Dreams are made of dresses like this—two-piecer with big bow and flattering peplum. Sizes 12-18. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material; $\frac{3}{4}$ yard contrast—shown here in Feathersilk (Cohama) Print

4791: This dress for teen sizes 10-16 has a choice of necklines and a detachable peplum! For size 12, $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards 35-inch fabric are needed. It's sketched in "Chin-Shan," iridescent rayon shantung by Ameritex

These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, enclose 25c for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage. For handy, clip-out order blank, turn to page 27. Please do not order patterns shown in issues previous to April, 1947, as they are no longer available. Choose similar styles in current issues.

Jam Session at Abby's

(Continued from page 9)

She left the subway, turned off the boulevard, and walked down streets which grew progressively shabbier. She held her slim figure erect and set her small chin firmly. No use crying over what you didn't have, when you had so much in other ways. Hadn't there been Mr. Alessi, the music teacher in the public school she had attended, who had been quick to spot her talent and to encourage her? He had been the first to tell her about the academy.

"They have high standards—musically and scholastically," Mr. Alessi had told Abby, "but I'm sure you'd qualify."

"They have high tuition, too," Abby had answered. "Dad couldn't possibly afford it."

"They have half scholarships for promising musicians who couldn't afford to attend otherwise," Mr. Alessi had said thoughtfully.

Still Abby had been doubtful, but Mr. Alessi hadn't given up. When Dad had come to the school recital, Mr. Alessi had buttonholed him and told him about Abby, the academy, and the scholarship.

"She should have the chance," Dad had agreed. And the chance had been given her.

Abby walked up the steps of the old brownstone to which she and Dad had moved to make up the rest of the tuition money. She climbed the stairs to the third floor and fitted her key into the door of the apartment. The living room was small and its furnishings tired. At one end of the room a screen half concealed the kitchenette. There was a tiny cubbyhole that was Dad's room, and an old-fashioned bathroom.

Abby threw her books dispiritedly on the couch that served as her bed at night. Kay Torrence had a big bedroom to herself, with built-in shelves that housed her books, her own radio—tears slid down her face.

Sure, the music was what counted and she'd been more than lucky that Mother, Mr. Alessi, and Dad had helped her along. But music wasn't everything! She was young, and why couldn't she have some of what the other girls had? What would they think of this dreary hole-in-the-wall?

"Maybe I'll think of something," Abby tried to reassure herself. "I must."

BUT as the weeks slid by, she wasn't so sure. They were busy weeks—busier even than the first five. Besides the usual highschool studies, there were the extra music classes and the private instruction with teachers who were exacting. Abby worked harder than she had ever imagined she could or would, and she found herself loving it.

The strange part was that the jam sessions were at once high spots and low spots. After the jam session at Kay's, Abby worried more than ever. Kay's house was all that Abby remembered and more, and Kay's mother, a fashionable, charming woman, had been on hand just long enough to welcome them and start the evening off smoothly. Kay had played her latest records—a set of Chopin's "Etudes" by Alexander Brailowsky.

The second session, at Alice Bowers', was no more consoling. The Bowers had a whole house to themselves, and when a maid appeared to serve refreshments after the girls had worked out their own orchestration of a piece Shirley had composed, Abby gave up.

"I won't go to any more jam sessions," she decided, "and then they won't expect

me to have one." The idea seemed sounder than a dismal try at entertaining, and she determined to have an excuse for next week. Remembering how eager the girls were for this jam session at Shirley's, Abby guessed how perfect her house must be.

It was Thursday before she summoned the courage to speak. She walked into the Exchange quickly, hating to face what she must do, but eager to get it over with. For the first time, she joined the girls gathered there without giving her usual quick look about.

"Jane's caught the measles from her little brother," Shirley told Abby ruefully. "She can't come tomorrow night, and she won't be able to have us at her house next week."

Abby's heart beat painfully. Her name was after Jane's on the list! How could she refuse now? Why had she waited so long? She opened her mouth to speak anyway, but Shirley was saying something else.

"Abby, you have such a long trip to Brooklyn. Would you like to come to my house right from school tomorrow? You could have dinner with us."

"I'd love to," Abby heard her own voice say. And she couldn't really be sorry that the words were out. She wanted to go to Shirley's, even if it meant holding the jam session at her house next week.

ALL the way home, determination hardened in Abby. There must be something she could do, and she would! Up in the apartment, she studied the living room grimly. For the first time she realized fully just how cramped and colorless it was. Mother had been so anxious to give Abby's musical talent full scope that she had never asked her to be domestic. Dad, in his turn, never expected her to do anything that might interfere with her practicing, and he had done all the moving and arranging with no help from her.

Abby's mind raced and ideas, some wild and impossible, rioted. She couldn't wait for dinner to end. When the dishes were put away and the usual conversation with Dad about her music finished, she faced him anxiously.

"Dad, there's something I'd like to do," she began slowly, and then the words rushed out. "That is, if you'll help me—and you've just got to help me. You see, I only have a week and it means so much and—"

Dad looked puzzled, and Abby smiled at her confused beginning. She backed up and explained again slowly. "There's no reason," she ended, "why even a small apartment can't be pretty, and without spending much money. I thought—if you approved, and would help me—we could rearrange the furniture, get rid of some things that just take up space, do some painting, dip the curtains a bright color." The expression on her father's face stopped her. He didn't look tired any more, and his eyes were bright.

"It sure would look good to me," he said, and all at once it struck Abby that maybe Dad had missed a real home, too.

They made a list of what they would do and what they would need, and sorted out things that just made useless clutter. They kept interrupting each other with ideas, and once they burst into laughter because they were talking together. Abby thought with surprise, "Why, I haven't laughed with Dad in years." After that she thought less of the girls, and only of what fun it was to be planning with Dad about their home.

It was Dad who suggested cider and doughnuts for refreshments. "They're perfect for fall," he said hesitantly. "Your moth-

er used to serve them at parties and everybody loved them. No fuss, and inexpensive. Don't you think the girls would like them?"

When she fell into bed at last, Abby was tired and content. She went to sleep immediately and it seemed no time before morning.

"We take the El to my house," Shirley said when they left school that afternoon. "Will you be able to take the jam session next week?" she asked.

"I can take it all right," Abby answered lightly, "if you can. Dad and I live in a two-by-four, but we'd love to have you." But some of last night's sureness was gone.

"Wait till you see our mansion, and you'll be jealous," Shirley grinned.

Abby looked at her in surprise. It wasn't like Shirley to boast, yet— They were leaving the El. The neighborhood, Abby saw quickly, was like the one in Brooklyn where she lived, only more so. But you could never tell about the east side of Manhattan. One minute you were in slums, and the next you were in the middle of swank.

But there was no swank about the building into which Shirley turned. "How's your wind?" she asked Abby. "Last year the girls had to take it in sections!"

Abby saw what she meant after the fourth floor. Shirley lived on the fifth floor, and the flights were steep and long. Abby was puffing before she was halfway up. "This is how I keep my figure," Shirley laughed.

Everything happened so fast, after that, that Abby didn't have time to think. Shirley lived in a railroad flat—six rooms that ran straight through from front to back, each opening into the other. The kitchen was the only big room. Besides Shirley, there were her parents, two brothers, and a sister. Abby had never seen another household like this one. In the crowded, old-fashioned rooms the family talked, laughed, planned, shared, with a jaunty spirit that was infectious. Everybody helped prepare and serve dinner, and they ate with gusto in the midst of general teasing. Cleaning up was fun because they sang and told silly riddles. The girls arrived earlier than they had for any of the other jam sessions and stayed later, and Abby at last understood why.

It was still later when she made her way back to Brooklyn. Her feelings and her thoughts were confused, and she knew it would take time to sort them properly—yet one feeling, stronger than the others, emerged from the jumble. She had been right when she had thought music wasn't everything.

"But, I was right for the wrong reason," she found herself saying. Music wasn't everything, and neither was a house.

She fitted her key quietly into the lock and opened the door slowly. A tuneless whistle met her ears. She stood silently on the threshold. Dad was squatting on the floor in front of the old bookcase, whose contents had been spilled on the floor. He was wielding a paintbrush vigorously, and it dripped a Chinese-red paint that made a splash of color in the room, bright as a promise. The bookcase would be lovely, Abby thought fleetingly. But what really held her attention was the whistle. It sounded sweet and tuneless to her ears, because it had been years since she had heard it.

"Hi, Michelangelo!" she called softly.

Dad turned, and the grin made his face almost boyish. "Not bad, is it?" he asked.

"Wonderful!" Abby said, and her heart was in it.

THE END

February, 1949

Internationally Flavored

(Continued from page 18)

In a large, heavy kettle, melt the butter or margarine. Add the onions and saute until a rich golden brown. (Do not let them burn.) As they are browning, sprinkle them with the pepper.

Dissolve the bouillon cubes in the water and bring to a boil in another saucepan. Combine with the onions, add the salt, and continue cooking at a simmer for an hour or longer. Keep kettle covered.

Just before serving time, cut slices of French bread about $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick (allowing one to go in each serving of soup and one to pass) and toast slowly in the oven so that it dries out well, rather than toasting just on the surface.

From a large pottery bowl or tureen, the soup may be ladled into individual soup bowls right at the table. Place a toast round on top of each serving, and sprinkle a heaping teaspoonful of grated cheese on each.

Note: Do you weep at the prospect of peeling all those onions? Here are a couple of hints that may stem your flow of tears. Try peeling onions under cold running water. Another suggestion: talk fast the whole time you peel and slice. You let us know if it works!

SWEDISH CABBAGE ROLLS

12 large cabbage leaves	1 teaspoon salt
1 pound ground beef	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
1 cup cooked rice	2 tablespoons fat
1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley	2 tablespoons brown sugar
1 egg	1 can condensed tomato soup
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ can water
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup onion, finely chopped	1 bay leaf
	4 whole cloves

Remove outer leaves of a large head of cabbage one by one. Drop into boiling salted water and parboil for 5 minutes, or until soft. Drain and carefully trim out the thick center vein. Set aside.

Combine ground meat, rice, parsley, egg, milk, half of the onion, salt, and pepper. Place a spoonful of mixture on each cabbage leaf; roll up, and fasten securely with toothpicks.

Melt the fat in a heavy skillet. Brown the cabbage rolls in the fat, turning to brown evenly. Sprinkle with sugar and cover with soup and water. Add remaining onion, bay leaf, and cloves. Cover and simmer about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, adding more water as needed. If it is more convenient, the rolls may be baked, uncovered, in a moderate oven (325°) about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Serves 6.

The Swedish people are fond of bright, clear colors in their home and kitchen decorations. Snowy-white tablecloths and curtains, clear, bright blue, red, and yellow napkins, and a matching apron for the hostess, would be a fine choice for such a Swedish main-dish service.

HAWAIIAN MOLDED SALAD

1 tablespoon plain, unflavored gelatin	3 tablespoons mild vinegar
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water	2 tablespoons sugar

(Continued on page 29)

The American Girl

Are you in the know?



Which square dance step is he calling?

- ☐ Birdie in the Cage ☐ Address Partners ☐ Dosey-do

How about giving a square dance party? Scene: your home (playroom preferred!). Music: courtesy of folk dance discs or the crowd's own vocal cords. First, learn the steps and calls—such as "Birdie in the Cage" (see illus above). And don't let difficult days

keep you "caged," when Kotex can free you from discomfort. Made to stay soft while you wear it, Kotex gives softness that holds its shape. And see how freely your new, all-elastic Kotex Sanitary Belt lets you bend—because it's adjustable; doesn't bind!



How to cope with a cowlick?

- ☐ Fight it
☐ Favor it
☐ Forget it

Ornery critters—cowlicks. You can neither take 'em or leave 'em. But if you favor a cowlick by parting the hair directly into the center of that stubborn tuft—it behaves! There's another smart plan you can favor, at certain times. That's trying the 3 absorbencies of Kotex—to find the one just right for you. Remember all 3 have an exclusive safety center, assuring you of extra protection with Regular, Junior or Super Kotex. Keeps you extra confident!



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



What "new note" does this coat bring?

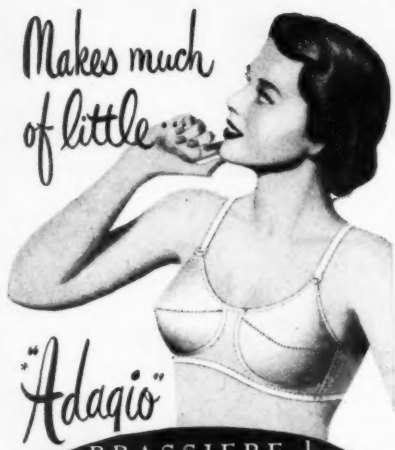
- ☐ Back interest
☐ A break for tall teens
☐ Another beauty ritual

Each answer is correct. The coat shown has new "back interest"; styling that flatters "glamazon." The new beauty ritual? Neck care! That collar-rubbing means extra scrubbing and softening (with lotion) to save your neck. Back interest in dresses is often a matter of eye-catching trimming, rather than flare. So on "those" days, choose the napkin that prevents telltale outlines! With those special, flat pressed ends of Kotex, you're smooth—from any view!

More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins


3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

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BRASSIERE by
Maiden Form
* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Especially designed to give "junior uplift" to smaller bosoms... "Adagio" is made with breast-sections which are proportionately small but which mould and support to perfection. In Tearose Broadcloth, \$1.25; in White Satin, \$1.50.

 "There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

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Send for free Style Folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc., New York 16

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TEEN SHOP talk

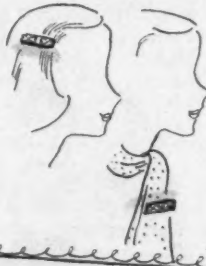
It's magic — the way these 8 items can lend so much costume variety!

by **JONNI BURKE**


Drawings by LISL WEIL




Sleeve decorations — ribbon garters with a changeable rosette making two combinations in one.
\$1.25 at Hortense Hewitt, 37 West 39 St., New York City 18



Heart-trimmed bar pin, with space for tiny photos, doubles as a barrette or scarf holder. Send \$1 to Jane Moran, Box 1256, New York City.



Li'l Abner introduced the lovable "Shmoos." Here they are in versatile scatter pins by Stevana. Papa-mama-baby all for \$2* at Foley's, Houston



LISL WEIL



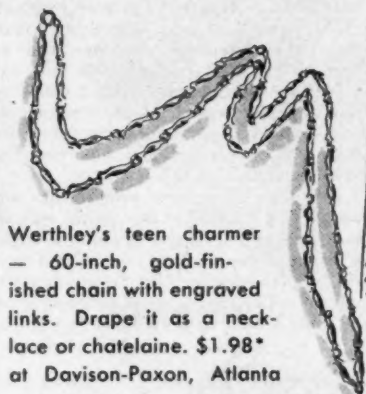

Double strapped, it's wide; single, it's narrow; any way you wear it, Debutante's detachable leather belt is smart. Order it for \$1.98 from the Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.

Please order items from stores
and mention The American Girl

TEEN'S talk



Jewel-toned, finely pleated silk scarf at \$1.98—it's a sash, a hat band, or ascot. At Isabella's, 62-95 Saunders St., Rego Park, New York



Werthley's teen charmer — 60-inch, gold-finished chain with engraved links. Drape it as a necklace or chatelaine. \$1.98* at Davison-Paxon, Atlanta



Make your own original stickpins by gluing hatpin stems to La Mode's beautiful, plastic flowered-umbrella buttons. 59c each at Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago



Hand-sprayed with gold this pure silk scarf looks well as a bow, ascot, stole. \$2.25 at Isabella's, 62-95 Saunders St., Rego Park, New York City

*These items are subject to 20% Federal tax

The American Girl

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Wear it as an Oxford!
Wear it as a Moccasin!

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You'll love these hand-laced "Moxfords" with two-way adjustable bow-tie! Soft, smooth GENUINE ELK leather. Cushion platform. Long wearing Panolene soles. In BLACK, BROWN, WHITE, RED, GREEN. Order today. Money back if not thrilled!

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Check pattern number and size and enclose 25c (in coin) for each pattern.

FEATURED ON PAGES 22-23

- ☐ 9190—Princess Dress
Sizes ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16 ☐ 18
- ☐ 4612—High-Necked Blouse
Sizes ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16 ☐ 18
- ☐ 9307—Skirt with Pockets
Sizes ☐ 24 ☐ 26 ☐ 28 ☐ 30 ☐ 32
- ☐ 4694—Blouse with Ruffled Yoke
Sizes ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16
- ☐ 4651—Dress with Apron Effect
Sizes ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16
- ☐ 4526—Dress with Two-Piece Blouse
Sizes ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16 ☐ 18
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Pattern Department
155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.



Help for School

ELGIN, ILLINOIS: THE AMERICAN GIRL helps me with my schoolwork. For instance, some of the information in your articles helps me in writing research papers for history. I like your book reviews as they help me to pick out books I am required to read for school.

I am seventeen years old and have a pretty busy schedule at school, but still find time to read a well-worth-while magazine, THE AMERICAN GIRL.

SUE THOMPSON

Covers

FOSTORIA, OHIO: Your November issue of 1948 was tops, especially your articles, *In the Looking Glass* and *Invitation to the Dance*. As for the fashions, none could be better. The covers are all the same—always models. Couldn't you have something different for a change, like animals? Otherwise the magazine is super.

JANET GASHE

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: I am thirteen years old and in the ninth grade at Seth Low Junior High School.

In the December issue, I particularly liked the article *Medicine Girl*. The puzzles were very interesting. I also think that your magazine covers are very attractive.

There is one thing I wish you would include—shoe styles with the fashions.

MARILYN SULTAN

We hope you liked the kitten on the January cover. The Editors.

Our Letters

ATLANTA, GEORGIA: Dolly Murff asked, "Why don't girls write different letters?" What I would like to know is, what kind of letters would she call different? Frankly I think the letters now are very interesting.

SANDY GOLDBERG

Sports Fan

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA: Your article in the October issue, *Gridiron Guide*, was very helpful to me some weeks ago. On October 30 my father was to take me to the L.S.U. (Louisiana State University) vs. Ole Miss football game here in Baton Rouge. The only trouble was that my dad didn't know a touchdown from a pass, so I turned to *Gridiron Guide* for help. By the time I had finished explaining, with the help of the article, my dad was ready for the game.

I guess you'll wonder why my dad didn't understand football. The reason is this. My family immigrated to the United States in 1938 from Germany. My brothers and I

were born there and I can speak German fluently because we speak it at home. I am thirteen years old, and I am a Second Class Scout in Troop 16 of Baton Rouge.

ANTJE HEBERLE

Overseas Readers

CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND: I am very fortunate in having an American Girl Scout correspondent in Watertown, who has paid my subscription to your magazine for this year. I love this magazine, and when I take it to school, there is great competition among my friends to read it. I am very grateful for the opportunity of reading and enjoying THE AMERICAN GIRL.

I am fifteen and a half years of age and I was a Girl Guide for five years; and am now a Ranger. A Ranger is really a Senior Girl Guide. Your magazine provides a wonderful opportunity for Girl Scouts and Girl Guides of all countries to get to know about each other's ideas and opinions.

WENDY BELL

LANARKSHIRE, SCOTLAND: I am fifteen years old and I am a real Scottish Girl Guide and Brownie leader. I have received three copies of THE AMERICAN GIRL from my pen pal in Gainesville, Georgia and like your magazine very much.

I like your news of the Girl Scouts best and then come your stories. The Scouts and Girl Guides seem to be run on much the same principle.

I would like it if we girls in Scotland had as many clothes to pick and choose from as the average American girl seems to have. Although things have looked up a bit since the end of the war they are not what they used to be.

During the war we had plenty of cash but now we have coupons and no cash.

BETTY STEWART

Horrible!

CLARKSBURG, CALIFORNIA: I am a freshman. When I entered Clarksburg High School, we had an initiation that I won't forget very soon. The girls had to wear gunny sacks, bloomers, peeled-onion necklaces, no make-up, no combed hair, an inner-tube belt, and worst of all, starched hair! In the halls and on the streets (we were taken on a parade around the town) we had to bow to the high-and-mighty sophomores! During the parade, they poured honey, syrup, castor oil, tomatoes, crankcase oil, and any other vulgar concoction on our hair and in our clothes.

I'm sure that none of the other readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL have ever gone through anything quite as bad as that!

SHANNON FISCUS

On December

ANDERSON, INDIANA: I want to thank you for the page in the December issue, *Am I Puzzled?* The other night, I had a party and used this as one of the games. It really was super and went over swell with the gang. They liked your magazine so well that when we drew names for our Christmas exchange, we decided to give one year subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL for presents!

I think your stories are solid. I especially liked *Christmas at Polly Moran's* in the last issue.

I am fifteen years old and a sophomore in Anderson High School.

I disagree with Arlene Alexander on girls wanting more recipes for pastries. After all, we have to keep our figures and what could be more harmful than candy, pie, etc.? I believe, too, that it is more useful to learn to make stews and other such practical dishes because you can't have a meal on pie and cake alone.

JESSIE M. BRADLEY

We Do Not Please

CLEARFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA: On the whole I dislike your magazine very much! The same things every time, two stories, and a serial. I never read *A Penny for Your Thoughts*; your covers are perfectly dull! Your tips on good looks and careers are good but aside from the stories and those, I never read anything else. Oh, yes, I have tried reading them but usually fall asleep before I finish. Here's hoping for a change.

BETSY BROWN

A Happy Reader

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN: The article *Write Here, Please!* just fascinated me. I read it over and over again. I'm going to do that to the kids at school. It ought to be fun. I'm a "sophisticated sophomore" at St. John's Cathedral. I love school and I love your magazine, every page of it.

MARIANNE BRASSEUR

Dancing

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: I was dancing with a girl friend of mine and she was astonished at the way I was dancing. She asked me where I learned to dance and I showed her your November issue and the article *Invitation to the Dance*. Now she not only wants to read the November issue, but she wants to read all the issues as I get them.

HELEN FLESSNER

Please address your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

THE END

Internationally Flavored

(Continued from page 25)

1 cup pineapple juice ¼ teaspoon salt
drained from can of 2 teaspoons grated
crushed pineapple onion
1 tablespoon lemon juice 1 cup diced celery
½ cup diced grapefruit ½ cup crushed pineapple

Soften gelatin in cold water. Heat pineapple juice to boiling (if there is less than a cup of juice in the can of crushed pineapple, make up the difference with boiling water) and add to gelatin. Stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice, vinegar, sugar, salt, and onion. Mix well.

Place mixture in cool place until partially set, but not completely firm. Fold in celery, grapefruit, and pineapple, and turn into a fancy melon mold, large bowl, individual molds, or custard cups, first rinsed with cold water. Chill until firm.

While the crowd are slipping out of their wraps, unmold salad on a bed of fresh salad greens such as lettuce or curly endive. To unmold, set the mold in a pan of warm (not hot) water, almost to the top of the mold, for about half a minute. Run the point of a knife around the top of the salad to loosen it. Then lay the serving platter, inverted, on top of the mold, with the palm of the right hand holding the platter in place, and the left hand bracing the bottom of the mold. Slowly turn the mold and serving platter together until the platter is face upward and the mold is inverted in the center. If the gelatin does not slip out readily, let the mold stand a few seconds longer in the warm water. Repeat the process. Place more salad greens around the edge of the salad and garnish with quarters of bananas and black ripe olives. Serve with a bowl of mayonnaise, letting the guests help themselves. Serves 6.

For an attractive taste sensation with this salad, serve:

ITALIAN GARLIC BREAD

½ cup butter or 1 long loaf Italian
margarine bread
1 or 2 peeled cloves ¼ teaspoon salt
of garlic ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
Paprika

Allow the butter to stand at room temperature until soft. Add the garlic and mash slightly with fork. Let the mixture stand at room temperature for 30 minutes or longer, for flavor to permeate butter. Remove garlic.

Slash a long, slender loaf of Italian or French bread into thick slices, taking care not to cut through bottom crust. Spread the garlic butter between each slice and over the top of the loaf. Sprinkle the top with salt, then with grated cheese, then with a dash of paprika, and put in a hot oven (400°) for 10 minutes just before serving. Serve whole, letting guests pull off pieces as wanted. Serves 6 to 8, depending on the size of loaf.

If you have difficulty finding the bread in your town, hard, crusty rolls (1 or 2 for each guest) may be substituted. Split them in half, spread cut sides with garlic butter, cheese, and paprika. Heat as above. This recipe will season 8 large rolls.

(Continued on page 30)

Salads do things for a girl!



especially when they're made with
Real Mayonnaise

A reputation for being a good cook never does a girl any harm. And a good way to start building that reputation is to send for the booklet entitled "From Soup to Nuts with Real Mayonnaise." Address The Best Foods, Inc., Dept. M-AG-2, P. O. Box 671, Church St. Sta., New York 8, N. Y. Only one to a customer.

Nothing Complicated—Yet. Start with salads. Practically everybody likes salads, and they're made to order for displaying your artistic skill. Just remember, there's one thing every good salad should have in common with every other good salad—Best Foods or Hellmann's Real Mayonnaise. Not just a "salad dressing," this famous mayonnaise contains no starchy

filler. It's flavor-rich with eggs freshly broken from the shell, added egg yolks, "Fresh-Press" salad oil, mild vinegar, and spices. It's all pure, rich, real mayonnaise.

Now You Get Fancy. Once you've seen what the flavor of Best Foods or Hellmann's Real Mayonnaise does for salads, you'll want to try it in other recipes. Spread it on bread or rolls before toasting, mix it in sandwich fillings, and serve it as a sauce for hot vegetables. These are just a few recipe ideas that will have you saying, "What fun it is to cook with Real Mayonnaise. It makes everything taste so good."

BEST FOODS
OR
HELLMANN'S
Real Mayonnaise



SPEAKING OF MOVIES



CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY—Has the new star Dan Dailey teamed (and wonderfully) with Celeste Holm as the parents in a family who live in Tucson, Arizona, in the early days of the century. Dan's business gambles are matched by Celeste's caution. She takes in boarders and builds a room on their house for another boarder every time Dan fails in business. Colleen Townsend is worth watching.



RED SHOES—One of the finest examples of moviemaking, and one that will appeal to those who love romance. You won't know the stars, since this is an English picture, but you'll want to remember Moira Shearer, Anton Walbrook, and Marius Goring. They play a ballerina, an impresario, and a composer, in a drama of ballet life, with portions of favorite ballets shown in color.



PORTRAIT OF JENNIE—Robert Nathan's tender, sensitive tale of the love between a romantic artist and an elfin girl has now been brought to the screen, with Jennifer Jones and Joseph Cotton as the stars. Everything about the picture is superb. Miss Jones and Mr. Cotton are inspired—their fellow artists (Ethel Barrymore, Lillian Gish, and Albert Sharpe) turn in equally brilliant performances.



THE SUN COMES UP—Here is a picture with three sure-fire ingredients: Jeanette MacDonald of the glorious voice; Claude Jarman, Jr., of "The Yearling"; and Lassi, who needs no adjectives. It is a picture for all the family, with Jeanette as a singer who flees to the Ozarks to readjust her life after the tragic death of her son. Hillbilly Claude and his devoted dog help her to do it.

by CAROL CRANE

Internationally Flavored

(Continued from page 29)

DUTCH APPLE CAKE

1 1/2 cups flour	3 tablespoons sugar
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder	1/4 cup shortening
1/2 teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon vanilla
	1/2 cup milk

Topping

4 to 5 cups sour apples, sliced	1 tablespoon flour
3 tablespoons butter	1 teaspoon cinnamon
3/4 cup sugar	1 1/2 tablespoons lemon juice

Sift the flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and sugar. Sift again. Cut in the shortening with a pastry blender or two knives, until mixture resembles coarse corn meal.

Add vanilla and milk to flour-fat mixture to make a soft dough, stirring in with a fork. Roll out the dough, and fit into a 9" cake or piepan. Press apples into dough, covering it evenly with the slices.

Cream the butter, gradually add the sugar, flour, cinnamon, and lemon juice. Spread over the top of the apples. Bake in a hot oven (400°) 40 to 50 minutes. May be served warm or cold. Cut in squares or pie-shaped pieces. Serve with milk or hot tea, served Russian style, in glasses.

THE END

ATTENTION RECIPE COLLECTORS!

Still available—the beautiful, washable plastic binder that will turn your collection of American Girl Recipe Files into a real loose-leaf cookbook! Send only 65c in stamps, check, or money order to get it.

Here's the handy coupon for ordering American Girl Recipe File folders and the loose-leaf binder:

I enclose.....in stamps, check, or money order for.....copies of the Recipe Files and.....copies of the American Girl Recipe File Binders.

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American Girl Recipe File Binder ☐

I enclose 6c in stamps for each Recipe File, and a stamped, self-addressed, business-size envelope for every two copies ordered.

I enclose 65c in stamps, check, or money order for each Recipe File Binder ordered.

Name.....(please print)

Street.....

City (include zone) & State.....

Don't forget to enclose your stamped envelopes!

MAIL TO: **THE AMERICAN GIRL**
Cookbook Dept.
155 East 44th St., New York City 17

February, 1949

This Business of Boys

(Continued from page 13)

out some day and try to get acquainted, because until you do, your friendships with both boys and girls are not likely to have that deep, satisfying quality you want. You'll have people to pal around with, yes, but you want more than that. You want the real you to make connection with the real somebody else. And first you have to figure it for yourself.

The way to go about this exploring is not to sit down and think hard, as you would about an algebra problem. It's easier than that.

When you're lazing in a hammock or dropping off to sleep at night, ask yourself what you like best to do, and see what pops into your mind by itself. Ask yourself what recent experience—or what experience last year—made you most happy? Or most angry? Or sad? Don't think of things you believe would impress Mother or the gang at school. Remember you are trying to discover the real you. Some of the things you find may surprise you. Some will startle or annoy you, but that's what happens to everybody who is honest.

Of course, if you discover you don't like jive music as much as you thought—and you do like a symphony—don't close your mind to jive now, and spoil everybody else's fun at a jam session by being vociferously long-haired. But some of the energy and enthusiasm you used to put into pretending can now be put into real enjoyment.

And when you're doing things you really like, you won't have to worry about conversation with boys. It will practically take care of itself. There'll be your own enthusiasms to discuss, and of course you'll want to hear about their hobbies too. You'll inquire about them—not only because that's friendly and pleasing manners, but because who knows what new doors to what new, exciting interests may open?

For if you're an alive, normal girl, your feelings, your likes and dislikes, are constantly changing. At one age—say thirteen—you may not like dancing; you may not like boys. At thirteen and a half, you may adore them. Martha Jane, at eleven, used to talk continually about how she hated dancing school and the girls there who acted so silly with boys. A year later, she was exclaiming how marvelous that same dancing school was, how marvelous the girls and every single boy who danced with her.

Yes, your tastes in books, people, music, in clothes and sports, will change. All you have to do is be honest with yourself at each stage of your development, and yet open-minded about the next stage. Remember, when you were a little girl, how you didn't like trying to eat something strange, like olives and oysters? Wouldn't it be too bad if you never had tried? Or if, in trying, you had pretended to a taste you didn't have and prevented a real one from developing?

The same thing goes for your taste in boys. Give yourself a chance. Maybe last year you only had eyes for Ed, the hockey captain, and spent your afternoons at the rink watching him practice. This year, you know clearly that you'd rather spend your spare time working on the school magazine. Go ahead and try out for it, then. You can still go to the Saturday hockey games, and you may make exciting new friends around

the literary board. Not as tall and handsome as Ed, perhaps, but come now—aren't they closer to your current real interests? The more you give those real interests a try, the more fun and friends (both boys and girls) you'll have.

If you continue to observe the particular boys in your family, neighborhood, or class at school, you'll find out other things a boy likes in a girl, too, besides naturalness and a variety of interests. Number two, a boy wants a girl who understands him, who likes him for what he is, and shows it. Number three, he likes a girl who knows how to adapt her mood to his—to be gay, ready for all kinds of fun and nonsense, when he is, but who also can be serious when he wants to be. Number four, he wants a girl who makes him feel that a date with her is a gala occasion, rather than just a get-together with an old pal.

Filling a bill like this is a big order, isn't it? It takes a lot of growing up yourself and a lot of understanding of others. Let's say your number-one source of male observation is your brother, Tom. Not that you treat Tom like a guinea pig, of course, but if you've developed an understanding relationship with him all these years, you're in a fair way to understanding the boys who will be your dates. What are some of the things you've really discovered about Tom?

What does he want from you if he comes home from school discouraged because he was not elected captain of the basketball team? Does he expect Mother and you to tell him to cheer up—that he won't even remember the election a year from now? Does he want you to remind him that he did win the tennis tournament, and he can't expect to have everything? Or would he rather you just listened? How would the other boys on your mental list react to the same situation?

You'll learn that every boy is different from every other one, just as every girl is different; that some boys like one kind of girl and some another; that some like to take all the responsibility for making friends, and some like to be met halfway. You'll discover that they've things to learn; that they make mistakes and get hurt feelings.

But the main thing about girls and boys learning to get along with each other is that it's such fun. So whether you're out on a date or playing cops and robbers with brother and the boy next door, start today with your observing and your understanding—and get a head start in this business of getting along with boys.

THE END

Beauty Is Skin Deep

(Continued from page 12)

also help bring your dry skin back to normal again. Apply it so lightly that it doesn't even show, particularly before exposure to winter winds.

Next, let's look at the chronically oily skin, the skin in which over-all excess discharge of oil is clogging pore openings, and often causing them to be unsightly and large. How to redistribute those useful oils so they will perform their normal function of aiding skin beauty? Night and morning scrub vigorously with a complexion brush and a special soap for oily skins. (There are several on the market which are approved by skin doctors.) Rinse thoroughly with

(Continued on page 34)

NEW 14 Piece Sew-Easy DOUBLE-DECKER WORKBOX KIT

Only \$1.98



Top Swings Round to Close Box

Fitted For Every Sewing Need

Opens up to put every sewing accessory at your fingertips! From thread, scissor and pin-cushion on "Top Deck" to thimbles, etc., in "Bottom Deck", which has three sections for tidy storing, QUICK finding. No need to remove spool for thread, it spins on own rod! You'll love DOUBLE-DECKER WORKBOX KIT—your friends, too. Bright red and white plastic. Sturdy! Just see it—on 10 day trial. A complete handy outfit. Packed in attractive gift box.

Includes

- 1 Pr. Scissors,
- 8 Spools of 50 yd cotton thread in assorted colors,
- 3 plastic thimbles, in 3 sizes,
- 1 needle threader
- 25 needles,
- 1 pin-cushion.

10 DAY FREE TRIAL!

SEND NO MONEY! Just send name and address on penny post-card and we ship COD for \$1.98 plus postage, or send \$2 and we ship postpaid. Purchase price refunded if not delighted.

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Please send the Boot Shields indicated below. I enclose \$1 for each pair.

Quantity	Style	Color

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SMALL BUST WOMEN!

Special Design "Up-And-Out" Bra Gives You A Fuller, Alluring Bustline Instantly.

NO PADS!

Self-conscious about your flat looking bustline? Figure Beauty starts with a glamorous bustline. The sensational "Up-And-Out" Bra has an exclusive secret patent pend, feature that tends to lift and cup flat, unsightly, small busts into a FULLER, WELL-ROUNDED, EXCITING BUSTLINE like magic instantly.

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With the "UP-AND-OUT" Bra underneath, all your clothes will display the sweater girl, feminine curves you desire and require to look attractive. Firm elastic back and easy to adjust shoulder straps. Beautiful fabric - easy to wash. Colors: Nude, White, Black. Sizes 28, 30, 32, 34, 36. Only \$2.49. Mail Coupon Now. SEND NO MONEY



Profile View of HIDDEN FEATURE in Bra



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Rush to me my "UP-AND-OUT" Bra in plain wrapper in size and color checked below. I will pay postman on delivery \$2.49 plus postage. If not delighted in 10 days, I will return merchandise for my money back.

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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY, ZONE, STATE.....

Check here if you wish to save postage by enclosing \$2.49 with coupon! Same Money Back Guarantee.

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works overnight to help clear up externally caused BLEMISHES



Remove blackheads, help clear up pimples with fragrant, scientifically medicated Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Use daily following directions. You should see amazing results, often in just 7 days! Used by many doctors. Buy Cuticura Soap and Ointment at your druggist today!

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Hemstitch on any sewing machine with this handy attachment. Does two piece, criss-cross, inlaid, circular and hemstitching for pleats; also tacking, smocking and picoting. Makes rups, comforters, slippers, etc. out of any material. Easy directions included.

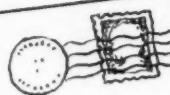
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Makes button holes on your sewing machine instead of by hand. Also does stockings, sews buttons, zippers; and can be used for quilting. Sews in any direction—front, back or sideways.

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POST CARD



Where in the World?



1



2

by Ruth Baker Bowman



3

Answers on Page 42

Here's a quiz for future globe-trotters! Of the seven world-famous sights shown on these pages, how many can you name and then locate exactly by city and/or country? Many of the views of course you'll recognize in a flash, for you've seen them before in newspapers, movies, art books, atlases, and on picture postcards mailed by traveling friends. But you'll want to be familiar with them all, because when it's your turn to journey round the world, you're almost certain to meet these very same scenes in person. The answers are on page 42, and here's a hint: Europe, Asia, South America, and the good old U.S.A. are all represented.



4

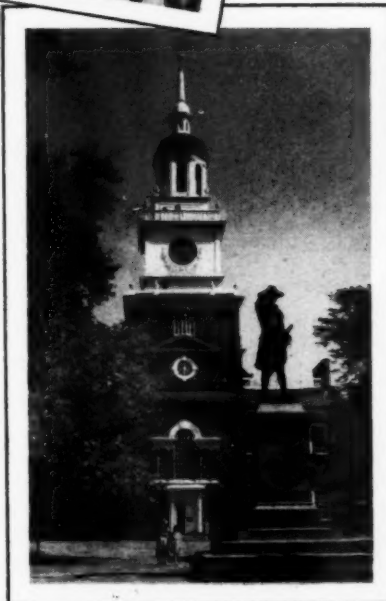
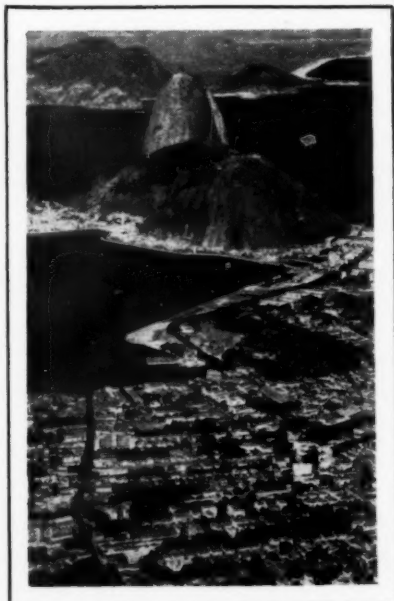
Photos 1, 2, 7, Black Star
all others, European

5



7

6



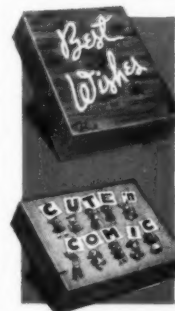
IT'S EASY! IT'S FUN! and Amazingly Profitable!

YOU MAKE UP TO 50¢ PER BOX!

It's a wonderful thrill to make extra money of our very own! It's easy—and you'll love every minute of it. Just show friends, neighbors and other folks you know, gorgeous *nationally advertised* Wallace Brown Everyday Cards. Make friendly visits, show samples—and take easy orders with **BIG CASH PROFITS** for you. Thousands of girls earn money this easy way. So can you! Rush the coupon below **NOW** for actual samples on approval—along with complete details on how you can start out at once making extra spare time cash—and keep on earning money all year 'round.

Here's The Exciting New 16-Card
ALL-OCCASION ASSORTMENT—
a "must" for every home!

This is the handiest, most complete assortment you've ever seen. Think of it—16 gorgeous greeting cards for Birthdays, Get-Well, Sympathy, Baby-Birth, Anniversary and Congratulations! The designs are so cheery, the colors so gay—and the clever ideas and novel features simply make folks gasp with delight. Saves time—and money, too. No wonder it sells so easily, and brings you big easy cash profits. Sells at \$1.00—up to 50¢ profit.



New! Cute 'n Comic
Everyday Assortment—
20 Gay Cards
for All Occasions

Girls—here's a keen new assortment that's really "made to order" for you to sell. Just show it and almost like magic you'll get lots of easy, big profit orders. The 20 of them in all—some packed with laughs and smiles; others charming and whimsical. Cards for Birthdays, Get-Well, Anniversaries, Friendship—just every occasion! It sells for just \$1.00—and you make up to 50¢ profit. Folks will buy on sight!

BIG LINE EXCITING BOX ASSORTMENTS

Fifteen gorgeous Everyday Box Assortments to help you make big money! New, exciting 16-Card "Jack and Jill" Assortment, Birthday, Get-Well, Baby-Birth, Personal Notes, Floral Stationery—many more including the sensational new Imported English Floral Naphkins in two popular sizes! Customers usually buy several different assortments, each paying you up to 50¢ cash profit!

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Raise money for your club treasury! Members of your club can earn welcome dollars easily—for camp expenses, equipment, supplies. Check coupon if you want details of Special Club Money Raising Plan.

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Please rush me sample 16-card All Occasion assortment on approval, and full details of your complete line and money making plans.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ I am a club leader.

It's New!

by Lawrence N. Galton

Handy for Hands: And very good-looking, too, are these lightweight, transparent plastic mitts. Because they fit either hand, they can be slipped on and off in a jiffy for household chores. They're flexible, giving you complete freedom of action, but fit snugly around the wrist, so that your manicure isn't apt to be spoiled in spite of all your precautions.



Knitters' Bracelet: No more scrambling under the love seat for your ball of yarn after you've jumped up to answer the phone or the doorbell, if you're provided with a spindle bracelet for your knit-and-purl sessions. This clever gadget is made of plastic, and a little cap, which fits down over the spindle, keeps the ball of yarn in place, but lets it unwind smoothly and easily.

Kill Shine: Something to cheer about is a new liquid preparation which removes shine from dresses, suits, and coats. Just apply the liquid, crisscrossing the shiny area; go over it with an ordinary bristle handbrush, then allow the material to dry. The manufacturer says the preparation can be used on many types of rayons, as well as on worsteds, woolens, and cottons, without damage to color or material. It is claimed that one treatment leaves the material shine-resistant for a considerable period.



Drape-Hanging Simplified: It's done with a combination ring and hook, and involves no sewing. Suitable for any type draperies, the hangers can be attached in a matter of minutes. Because the hangers fasten at the top and bottom of the drape headings, sagging is eliminated, and there's no need for stiffening at the top of the drapes.

Rubber Roost: A neat idea for hall or porch in wet weather is a mat designed especially for holding rubbers and overshoes. Raised sides keep in water, and corrugations are placed so that moisture spreads over the surface and can evaporate more quickly. It protects floors from water, snow, and dirt—and will save you lots of mopping.



Potato Chip-er: A handy kitchen tool, which shaves potatoes paper-thin quickly and easily, makes light work of other kitchen chores, too. It slices onions without tears—or nearly so; shaves vegetables such as beans, celery, radishes, cucumbers, cabbage; cuts up apples for pies. And when it comes to the tiresome and finger-knicking job of chopping walnuts and almonds, it is indeed a friend in need.

Coaster Klips: As soon as you see them you wonder why someone didn't think of this long ago! Each unit is made up of an aluminum coaster, to which is attached a plastic handle which supports a chrome-plated, spring steel "klip" that will hold firmly almost any size glass. They reduce tipping and spilling to a minimum, and so protect furniture and table linens from unsightly, hard-to-get-rid-of stains and spots.



Pot Pickets: These attractive little picket fences are designed to beautify the ordinary clay flowerpot when used indoors, on porch or terrace. The wooden pickets—gleaming white alternated with gay colors—are fastened together by strong elastic material that snaps easily around the pot. The fences, which come sized for four, five, or six inch pots, fit loosely enough to permit air to be absorbed through the porous pottery.

If you are interested in any of the products described in this column—send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "It's New" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., for where-to-buy or price information. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Beauty Is Skin Deep

(Continued from page 31)

cold water and follow with a brisk rub-dry. If your skin is oily all over, apply no creams. But for the skin that's oily in some places and overdry in others (a common condition, incidentally) apply a light cream to the dry areas only when you retire. Simple, isn't it?

It's time now that we got around to discussing the pesky plague of so many teenagers' lives: the problem of acne, blackheads, whiteheads, pimples. Let's be really honest and ask ourselves, "What caused these exaggerated conditions?"

It's my observation that a great many of you girls can blame them on plain old-fashioned laziness. It's just too much trouble to discipline your diet, drink those extra glasses of water, exercise daily in the out-of-doors, and keep your skin really clean. Or maybe nobody's told you how? You use a special soap containing tincture-of-green soap, you use a complexion brush, you scrub your face with a brisk, up-and-out circular cleaning movement. Don't worry if your skin begins to flake a little after this treatment—it's a good sign that indicates a minimizing of excess oil and shows that your skin is on the road to improvement. No pampering, remember. Give yourself that brisk scrubbing, a cold rinse, and a thorough rub-dry with a bath towel twice every day, night and morning. For severe, continuing cases of acne, of course, a physician should be consulted.

Here's a most important rule you girls with problem skins must never break. Don't squeeze pimples, whiteheads, or blackheads. Squeezing only removes the top, and in the meantime skin tissues are bruised and often infect adjoining skin cells. Such mistreatment may leave unsightly scars that last a lifetime.

MANY people fail to realize that complexion blemishes often have their start in an ultra-oily, possibly infected, scalp, and mercilessly travel down to the face. That's why scalp and hair cleanliness is a vital part of any skin-care program, and why I have worked out these extra instructions for girls with real problem skins. First, every night separate your hair in close partings, and rub each section of your scalp briskly with cotton moistened in a medicated scalp lotion recommended by your doctor. This will loosen impurities, cleansing the scalp, and soon make your hair more gleaming and manageable. Next, shampoo your hair once a week as usual, using a specially formulated cleanser, which also should have medical approval. As improvement is noted, apply the lotion every other night instead of nightly. Always, though, be sure not to neglect your brushing—a hundred strokes a day. The girl with a skin problem must be especially sure that her hairbrush is clean, and that she always puts a protective towel around her shoulders to prevent scalp deposits from spreading possible infections.

Once you've typed your skin and made your resolutions for daily care, be strict with yourself. Whenever you feel like skipping your bedtime and morning scrubbing routine, don't! Just think of the clear, lovely skin that's the reward of faithful, intelligent care.

THE END

5 smart girls



2 Ginny Harris, Troop 36 of Richmond—The Red Rose Troop agrees it's a grand idea to have our own special Girl Scout belt purse. We wear it to all meetings, our registration cards safe behind the little window. Yes, this dark green leatherette purse has section for coins, an extra pocket, and a gold stamped trefoil.



3 Terry Hampton, Troop 17 of Quincy—Mom gave me this miniature travel kit for my birthday to help me earn my Good Grooming Badge! It's in my desk or gym locker for a quick brush-off job. I have a comb, hair and clothes brushes,—all in a green plastic case with zipper.



5 smart ideas



4 Adrienne Gates, Troop 3, Memphis—When I came to Friday's troop meeting with my smooth new shoulder bag, all 14 girls practically stampeded to the local equipment agency to buy one. My lovely green bag is plastic that looks like calf—it doesn't stain or crack, either.



5 Lenore Smyth, Troop 44 of Washington—My snazzy morocco leather billfold is my pride and joy! It has four compartments plus coin purse, plus trefoil. Nope,—it doesn't bulge,—it even has a snap tab to keep it closed. Pretty smooth, say I.



1 Babs Gray, Troop 7 of Portland—Speaking of ideas, this one is tops! Just look at my elegant green six-in-one lizard-gator purse, complete with bill compartment, snapshot and card sections, mirror and coin rack. I use it from morn to night. Natch, I wear it on my belt for school, carry it with me all day, put it in my shoulder bag for that big date at eight.



**Girl Scouts of the U.S.A.
National Equipment Service**
155 East 44th St., New York 17
1307 Washington Ave., St. Louis 3
245 Mission St., San Francisco 5

*Tax included



These two original sketches by the author decorated her manuscript. Above: a mother and daughter do some ironing. Left: a street scene in Korea

Report from Korea

by Marguerite Twohy

Staff Member, Girl Scouts of the U.S.A.,
on loan for special service in the Orient



These girls have long school hours, many chores. But they fit Scouting in!

FROM among the one hundred Girl Scouts who welcomed me in Su-Won—a picturesque walled city in South Korea—were three whom I decided I would like to introduce to readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* magazine.

So I took their snapshot (above) standing by the dilapidated jeep which had bumpily brought the president of the Korean Girl Scouts, Kim Sinsil, and Kim Pong Im Koh, the acting chief executive, and myself to Su-Won. And after all the other girls and their many little brothers and sisters had gone, I talked with the three friends, via interpreter, about their school and home life and Girl Scouting. The girls' names are (left to right): Han Sang Won, Kim Whal Soon, and Lee He Yea. According to Korean custom, family names are mentioned first, then given names. Kim and Lee, by the way, are the most frequently heard names, like our Smith and Jones.

Han Sang Won is sixteen years old in Korean, but only fourteen in American. The other two girls are fourteen in Korean, thirteen by our count, the difference being due partly to the Korean system of calling a baby a year old when he is first born! To further complicate matters, everyone is considered a year older on New Year's Day, which, in the Korean moon calendar, occurs early in February. Thus, Han Sang Won, born in December, on their New Year's Day was considered two years old, when by our figuring she was only two months old.

All three girls are in the sixth grade in school where they study arithmetic, social civics, which includes geography and history, botany and zoology, home economics (cooking and

sewing), health and physical education, drawing, singing, and language. It is interesting to know that Korean children are studying their own language fervently—and, for the first time, publicly—because during the long Japanese occupation they were forbidden to speak it at home or elsewhere and severe penalties were meted out to parents and children who disobeyed. It is also interesting to think that only one of these girls could remember hearing of the United Nations, and she seemed to know little more than the name.

Only children of the fairly well-to-do parents can afford to go to middle school, which is the name given to high school, because it costs 150,000 won (about \$125). This tuition charge is due to the shortage of teachers, lack of school buildings, and of taxes to pay for both, but the new department of education hopes, in time, to correct that. Meanwhile, many parents are depriving themselves of real necessities to provide the tuition for their children's education.

Han Sang Won and Kim Whal Soon both plan to go to the middle school, but Lee He Yea, one of six children of a rice farmer, will have to go to work in a shop or in the silk mill at Su-Won.

EVEN in the elementary school, hours are very long—from eight until four Monday through Friday, and from eight until noon on Saturdays. Thus our friends in the snapshot have little free time for hobbies such as embroidery, volleyball, playing the organ at the Mission, especially since they are expected to do a tremendous number of household chores. Taking care of the babies is one of these, and since a Korean family lives like a clan there is always at least one baby to be carried about and tended by the older girls.

Although Koreans leave their shoes outside the house, cleaning the floors (smooth wood or wood covered with heavy oiled paper or straw matting) is another chore which seems to be done constantly by the girls and women. Teen-agers also have a share in the cooking, involving the preparation of many side dishes of sauces and relishes to accompany rice, the main dish. But perhaps the most difficult part of Korean housekeeping has to do with washing, for only a few homes have water piped inside. A community well or pump usually serves many families and it is frequently the girls of a middle-class household who do the heavy work of toting the water.

Then comes the washing. The dirt is beaten out of the clothes with sticks (no soap) and much of the ironing is also done by beating. The custom of wearing white, especially observed by the men and older women, naturally increases the washing problem.

The schoolgirls usually wear white middie blouses, too, but their school skirts are dark blue or black. For dress up, there are short-waisted boleros and bright-colored, full skirts. Usually, low rubber shoes—pale-blue or black with a turned-up toe—are worn.

When I asked the girls about their social life, I learned that young girls in Su-Won are not allowed to go to the movies, except occasional ones provided by the school, and that they do not have parties or dates with boys. It must be understood that the schools are still strictly segregated by sex, and one generation ago a girl's parents picked her husband, whom she did not see until the wedding ceremony! Now most girls make their own selections and when they marry, go off with a lifetime supply of clothing to live with the husband's family—where the father-in-law's word is indeed law. For this is a land where women still cannot inherit property; where it is only since the Japanese occupation that women of the middle and upper classes have left their walled homes to walk on the public streets.

When it comes to "fun" Kim, Han, and Lee spoke of their national holidays. On New Year's Day, for instance, there are special games for the girls, such as batting brightly colored paper flowers in the air. Another day is devoted to the sport of swinging which is done very high and often over a slope which adds to the height. They are also expert at seesawing—not sitting, as we do, but jumping hard on the end of the board and landing back on their feet! The story is that in the old days when girls were kept behind high walls they developed this very ingenious method of peeking over the top.

With such a long day at school and so many duties at home, it is perhaps surprising that these girls find any time for Girl Scouting, but there are already some twenty-five troops in South Korea, and more are forming gradually. Troops are sponsored by schools, Christian churches, missionary groups, and the like, and meet once a week—except for the troops of older girls who have jobs and who can meet only once a month. Each troop has two leaders, and is organized in patrols.

As in those schools where the pupils are allowed only five sheets of composition paper a year, the Korean Girl Scouts lack materials sadly. Their handbook is a flimsy mimeographed affair, and faded, outgrown khaki uniforms, or old green ones, sent from the U.S.A. are mostly worn. Some troops simply put neckties and arm bands on their school middies for meetings.

The Girl Scouts themselves are anxious for a better out-of-doors program, but since transportation is difficult, every inch of arable land is planted in rice and vegetables, and all streams are polluted, the idea of camping presents many difficulties. However, they have done some hiking in the city parks, and day camping in the few tiny groves of trees between the rice paddies can be a beginning.

The Korean girls like to sing, and here is the English translation of one of their walking songs, called "The Hill Road."

(Continued on page 40)

"We hopped on our bikes and got going!"

Mrs. H. J. Overstreet, Palo Alto, Cal., tells how her troop earned \$60 last Spring: "The plan seemed very easy and it didn't take the girls long to hop on their bikes and get going. Our sale was very successful. The girls were thrilled. And two girls earned 3-year subscriptions to *The American Girl*."



Here's the plan that makes money for you quickly!

- adds many dollars to your treasury—quickly, easily
- brings paid-in-full subscriptions for your girls to our official magazine, *The American Girl*
- proved in 16 years of successful operation!

If you need extra money for your treasury this Spring, here's the quick and easy way to get it. The American Girl-Quaint Shop Plan has been helping Girl Scout troops for 16 years. It's approved by the National organization—and it's proved by the troops!

Last Spring Troop 3, Danville, Ind., earned over \$70. They sold 226 boxes of Quaint Shop Greeting Cards in a town of 2500! "The subscriptions to *The American Girl*," their leader writes, "added zest to our campaign."

While Mrs. Neuenschwander, leader of Troop 2, Fessenden, N. D. says—"we found it the best way of the many we've tried, for raising money."

Thousands of troops count on this official Plan every year, Christmas and Springtime. There's no red tape, no delay, no investment. Beautiful Quaint Shop Everyday Remembrance Cards and Stationery come to you on 30 days credit; you pay for them after you have been paid and deducted your profit.

Best of all, there's a personal reward for the girls in your troop too. Only this official plan brings paid-in-full subscriptions to *The American Girl* in addition to the cash profits!

So don't delay. Start your official troop fund-raising campaign by asking your leader to mail this coupon to headquarters today.

**DON'T
DELAY**

Mail
this Coupon
today for
Quick
Results

THE AMERICAN GIRL, Dept. 49A,
30 West 48 St., New York 19, N. Y.

PERSONAL ATTENTION OF JULIA DEMPSEY

Yes—our troop wants to earn extra money now.

Please rush details of the Quaint Shop Springtime Plan without obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City & State..... Troop Number.....

Sandler



Scouts of Roxbury, Massachusetts, participate in the Feast of Lights



Girl Scout troop 16 of Regensburg, Germany, pose in their leader's garden before starting out on a typical Girl Scout hike

• **The news that a near-by home** was on fire quickly broke up a recent meeting of Girl Scout Troop 17 of Redlands, California! To help save the many valuable objects the home contained, the girls immediately organized a hand-to-hand brigade with the men and boys of the neighborhood, who handed the objects out of the building and passed them back along the line to safety. In appreciation of their prompt and efficient action, the insurers of the building, who felt that their loss was considerably reduced by the rescue, presented the troop with a check for \$50.00. The girls are ready to go into Senior Scouting this year, and they plan to put the money into a fund for the first Wing Scout troop in Redlands.

• **A letter** from the leader of Girl Scout Troop 16 in Regensburg, Germany, tells of a thrilling five-day trip taken by her troop at the expense of a group of American Masons in Germany. The first stop on the trip was at a Dependents' Rest Resort on beautiful Lake Chiemsee, Germany's second largest lake. From there they took side trips to visit the Eagle's Nest (Hitler's hideout) atop an Alpine peak; to the old salt mines through which they rode in small cars, dressed in colorful

ALL OVER THE MAP

HEADLINE NEWS IN GIRL SCOUTING

miner's costumes; to Salzburg, Austria, where they visited Mozart's birthplace, saw many of his original compositions, and were permitted to play a tune on his harpsicord—an especial treat for these Scouts who are studying the life and music of Mozart. There was also a visit to Herren Island across the Chiemsee, on which the castle of Ludwig II, known as the mad king of Bavaria, is located. Here the Scouts sat on his red velvet throne and marveled at the gaudy palace which is a copy of the one at Versailles. The photograph at the left shows some members of this troop in their leader's garden in Regensburg, ready to set off.

• **Exciting plans** are already under way for an international camp in the United States during the summer of 1949. It has been decided to call it the Western Hemisphere Camp, and to hold it near Muskegon, Michigan, from July 19 to August 12. One American Girl Scout delegate will be selected from each of our forty-eight States and from the District of Columbia, and two each from Alaska, Guam, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, and Indian reservations. Two delegates have been invited to come from Brazil, Canada, Colombia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Hawaii, Mexico, Panama, Peru, and the overseas possessions in the Western Hemisphere of Great Britain, France, and The Netherlands. We'll try to keep you up to date on further developments.



A Girl Scout of Middletown, Ohio, displays a cookie house her troop made to look like a church. It's edible, steeple and all

• **A novel idea** in the way of table decorations was used by Girl Scout Troop 10 of Middletown, Ohio, at a Christmas party and Court of Awards to which parents were invited. The troop made tasty cookie houses—three of them, representing a church, a school, and a house—and set them on a table, where they were much admired decorations until they were cut up to be passed with afternoon tea. Troop 10 has sent the following instructions for making a cookie house:

COOKIE RECIPE

1 cup shortening
1½ cups sugar
2 eggs
½ cup milk

1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
3 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening and sugar. Beat in eggs. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Add vanilla. Roll out dough, after chilling, to ¼" thickness, and using cardboard patterns in the size you want your house to be, cut dough with a sharp knife, making two pieces for sides of house, two for ends, and the roof and chimney pieces. Cut window openings out of side sections. Bake on a cookie sheet for 8 to 10 minutes at 350°. When pieces are cool, start to build the house, sticking sections together with icing. This recipe will make a house whose long side wall measures approximately 8" x 4".

ICING RECIPE

1½ tablespoons vegetable shortening
1½ cups confectioners' sugar

3 tablespoons cream
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

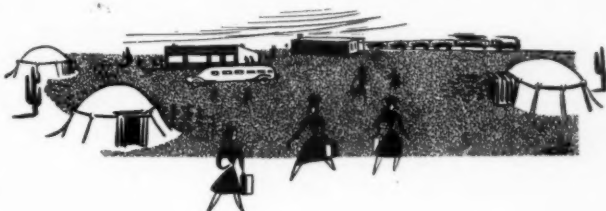
Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together thoroughly. Add enough cream to make the proper consistency to spread. Add salt and vanilla and mix well. Place ½ of icing in a bowl and color it pink. Cover bowl until ready to use.

With uncolored icing, stick pieces of cellophane, cut 1" larger than the windows, to the inside of the window openings for panes. Stick sections of house together, roof last, with the uncolored icing, and then cover entire house with white icing. Pink icing may now be used for outlining roof, doors, windows, and trimming in any way you want. Decorations may be varied by different colored icings, and nuts, raisins, or candy may be pressed into the icing.

• **All Girl Scouts** in rural schools may compete in this year's Rural School-Ground Beautification Contest, just announced by the National Garden Institute, as part of its postwar program to help make this country a more beautiful and finer place to live. If you go to a rural school and would like to do something with your troop to make the school grounds look less barren, write to Mr. Andrew S. Wing, National Garden Institute, 342 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York, for an entry blank. The rules are simple—fill out and mail the entry blank, together with a picture that you have taken of your school as it is now. Then, next May, after your troop has landscaped the grounds, take another picture and mail it not later than May 31, 1949, with a short letter describing your project. Judging will be done on the basis of the before-and-after pictures, and the school showing the most improvement, as well as the best results, will win. The first prize for one and two room rural schools will be a first-rate radio or its equivalent in cash. The second prize will be a bronze plaque, and there will also be 20 third prizes of a copy of "The Garden Encyclopedia." Girl Scouts entering the contest can put their work toward earning their Gardener's Badge.

• **In a program** featuring Palestinian songs and dances, and high-lighted by the symbolic kindling of wax tapers in the Menorah, or sacred candelabrum, Girl Scout Troop 19 of Roxbury, Massachusetts, celebrated its annual Parents' Night together with Hanukkah, the Jewish Feast of Lights. Since this eight-day religious festival, observed by Jews in all lands, symbolizes a rededication to the principles of liberty, it was suitable that International Friendship was the theme of the evening, with gift packages from the troop's Girl Scout pen pals in Israel adding to the celebration. During the week of Hanukkah Troop

19 also visited a home for the aged where they distributed gifts they had made, sang songs and danced, and then served home-made refreshments. In addition, their Scout-O-Rama drew much interest. This was a novel exhibit of the eleven Girl Scout fields of interest, each field separately boothed, with several Scouts showing how Girl Scout badges are earned.



• **The Girl Scout pennies, dimes, and quarters** which swelled into a contribution of \$89,236.61 for the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund for 1948 have proved that every contribution which is made, however small, has helped set in motion something very great indeed—helping the cause of Girl Scouting around the world. Of this sum, \$83,774.10 has been spent, and while the amounts below are approximate, they give an idea how, and in what proportion, some of the money is being used. Out of every dollar contributed to the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund:

9½ cents took Girl Guides and Girl Scouts to Our Chalet—thirty-two of them, from sixteen countries, gathered there for three weeks.

5 cents built the Aides' Camp at the Cooperstown World Conference—a primitive camp operated by Senior Girl Scouts for the aides to the biennial meeting of delegates from Girl Guide and Girl Scout Associations all over the world.

1¼ cents went to German, Polish, and Austrian Guide camps as CARE food packages. In two of these countries, the camps would not have been possible without these parcels of food.

2 cents went to Poland for clothing needy Guides.

18 cents went to making a film on international friendship which is now ready for use at any Girl Scout gatherings.

½ cent went to Greece to buy a jeep to enable Guiders to be trained in a country where war had destroyed all means of transportation.

3 cents went to the Yu Tsai School in China which, it is hoped, will be one of the strongest links in the growing Guide movement in that country.

2 cents helped to feed and clothe suffering children, in response to an appeal of the United Nations for children suffering from the results of war.

¼ cent went to the Juliette Low Museum in Savannah for maintenance and repairs.

½ cent helped European Guiders from war-devastated countries to have a few days rest at Our Chalet.

½ cent sent Navajo Girl Scouts to established camps in New Mexico, Arizona, and Colorado.

THE END



Drawings by Mitchell Barkett



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Report From Korea

(Continued from page 37)

The Hill road is fun
Trees many of them.
One tree makes me feel gay.
The branches fall straight down.
The branches fall straight down.

This one is native to Korea, but many of the songs the Scouts sing are translations of American songs such as "Taps," with which they usually close a troop meeting.

Because of the limited time and materials, troop projects, as Girl Scouts of the United States know them, have been scanty here. One group has a band, the instruments borrowed from a school; others are beginning to do beautiful basketry with native straw, but there are few other activities.

However, in their troops and patrols, as they say their laws and promise and learn about their sister Scouts in other parts of the world, they come to know democracy at work. And in a country where women have just been given the vote and a chance to better their lot, perhaps this last is the most exciting and important part of all.

THE END

So I'm Home Again

(Continued from page 7)

frittered his time away taking care of his garden, listening to the radio, and gossiping with anyone who would listen to him tell about how wonderful Hungary was, and what a fine time he had had over there.

She turned away from the window and sat down across from Frank. He was reading his newspaper and apparently enjoying the Hungarian-style rolls Mother insisted on serving. Jolly wondered, how can he be happy in this place?

She picked up her toast and broke it into tiny pieces. She had no taste for it. Uncle Zoltan came up the back steps. She could hear him scraping his feet on the mat. Without knocking, he came into the room, filling it with so much life and joy that he seemed to push even the odor of stuffed cabbage into the corners.

"Hello, Kery Ferenc," he boomed to Frank. He beamed at Mother, "Hello, Kery Karolyne." Then he turned to Jolanna, about to call her name in Hungarian the way he always did for a little joke.

She beat him to it. "Why don't you call me Jolly, the way everyone else does?"

He laughed. "But I like Jolanna. It was my mother's name. And my wife's name. And one of my sisters and two of my aunts, and—"

Jolly sourly finished his sentence for him. "And it's a nice Hungarian name."

"Yes. Yes." Uncle Zoltan showed his strong teeth in a good-natured grin.

Mother quickly changed the subject. "How is your garden, Zoltan?"

"Good. It is very good." He sat down and placed his brown hands firmly on his knees. Jolly could tell he was itching to talk to Mother in Hungarian, but she would never let him speak anything but English when Frank and Jolly were around. You had to give Mother credit for that.

Uncle Zoltan threw out his chest and drew in a deep breath. "Mmmm! Kery Karolyne, it smells good in here. Stuffed cabbage for

supper tonight. It's so good. So good." "Zoltan," Mother replied, "tell us about the garden. Everything is really coming up nice?"

"Yes, yes. Better even than last year. Soon the cabbages will be up and I will bring you the first one, Kery Karolyne." He turned to Jolly. "Now that Jolanna is home, she will have time to learn to cook. I will teach her myself. How to cook a stuffed cabbage just like my own Jolanna did." Uncle Zoltan nodded his head, "Ah," he said, "that was good. My Jolanna's stuffed cabbage."

Jolly crumbled a scrap of her toast into powder. "When I do learn to cook," she told them, "it's not going to be Hungarian."

Uncle Zoltan's face grew serious. "Sure you will learn how to cook Hungarian. All the best dishes in the world are Hungarian. Chicken paprika and goulash and strudel and stuffed cabbage."

Jolly scraped back her chair and jumped up. "I wouldn't have the smell of stuffed cabbage in my home," she burst out, "I hate it. I hate it because it's Hungarian. I hate everything Hungarian." Her lip trembled and her voice shook but she went on. "I'm an American. And when I get away from this neighborhood, I'll never have anything to do with Hunks things in my life again."

She ran from the room with the odor of stuffed cabbage following her. In her bedroom she stood by the dresser, leaning heavily on her hands. Her eyes fell on her reflection in the mirror. Maybe she only imagined it—but her cheekbones seemed to stand out and her eyes were narrow and oblique, like the big framed pictures of her grandmother and her grandfather that used to hang in the parlor when she was a child.

Slowly the significance of what she had done broke upon her. She thought, I used the word Hunks. In my own home. In front of Mother and Frank and Uncle Zoltan. The word I've dreaded all my life. The word that used to send me home from school in tears. From downstairs came only silence—cold, clammy silence in contrast with the heat that poured through her windows.

She wished she could hear them talking. Talking about her. Saying she had been rude or mean. Wondering if she were sick or tired or something. But there was not a sound. Nothing.

Suddenly a chair scraped along the linoleum. That was Frank. He came up the stairs slowly, not taking them two at a time the way he usually did. He stopped outside her door. What did he want? She flung open the door and faced him. He stepped past her and went over to the window where he stood looking down into Uncle Zoltan's flower garden. At last he turned around. Their glances held each other for a moment. She was the first one to look away. Her eyes fell upon the big tan letters on her trunk. Jolly Kery.

"All right," she said, still not looking at him. "Go ahead and say it. I'm a snob. A nasty snob." When he made no reply she looked at him. "That's what you're thinking, isn't it?"

"No," he answered slowly. "It isn't." He left the window and leaned against her trunk. "As a matter of fact, I understand how you feel, Jolly."

"You do?" She couldn't believe it. "Yes. I've been through the same thing myself."

Still she couldn't believe it. Frank had

always seemed to be happy here. It didn't make sense. But for a moment the realization that Frank shared her feelings gave her a warm flush of satisfaction. Then she was angry with him.

"Why didn't you say that in front of Mother and Uncle Zoltan?" she demanded.

Frank ran his fingers thoughtfully along the top of her trunk. "Because I don't feel that way now," he said. He moved over to her desk, and perching on the flat top, rearranged the pieces of her leather desk set as he talked.

"When I was in the service, I got to know and like a lot of different kinds of Americans, Jolly." He glanced up at her. "Polish and Canuck. German and Italian and Slavic, Swedish and Russian." He picked up her paper knife and ran the blunt end along the palm of his hand. "I learned that a lot of the others had gone through the same thing. We used to talk it over, wonder why the old folks are the way they are. Always bragging about the old country." He stood up. "Then I came home and their bragging seemed worse than ever. Maybe because I was older. Maybe because the war taught me how wonderful our own country really is, and I was so proud of being American and ashamed of my Hungarian background."

Jolly moved closer to him. "But you seem happy here, Frank. If it bothers you, too, how do you keep from showing it?"

"It was hard at first. I used to get just as worked up as you are, inside. Over little things like the stuffed cabbage, and Uncle Zoltan bragging about everything Hungarian. I used to boil inside every time he called me a nice Hungarian boy." He smiled. Her eyes followed the sharp lines of his jaw and cheekbones. He had always looked much more like a Hunky than she. It must have been even harder for him.

He went on. "But little by little I realized what Uncle Zoltan was really bragging about. It was the good qualities of the Hungarians, the things about them that anyone would like—things I could be proud of, too. Our cleanliness. As people say, you could eat off our floors. And our honest pride in doing a job well. I like the way Uncle Zoltan tends to his garden. And the way we keep at a thing until it's done, never being willing to give up till it's just right. Even our good Hungarian dishes, and the handicrafts that give richness and color to the pattern of American life."

Frank looked into her eyes. "Those are the things Mom and Pop and Uncle Zoltan have given us—and given America, too. It's part of what makes this country great and so good to come back to, I guess. They're nothing to be ashamed of, Jolly. Some day you'll even be proud to know how to cook stuffed cabbage, and to have a name like Jolanna."

He crossed to the door. "You know, Jolly, all the time I was away I was homesick for America. It was a gnawing inside me. For anything that would remind me of America. A stamp on an envelope. A newspaper. A doughnut and a cup of coffee." His eyes stared out the window at the puffy clouds against the deep blue of the sky. "Mom and Uncle Zoltan are homesick, too, Jolly."

"Then why did they come to America?" Her anger burst out again. "If they're so crazy about everything Hungarian, why didn't they stay over there?"

"Because they had to come. America was a magnet. A way of thinking they couldn't resist." He came back into the room. "And



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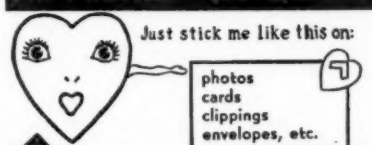
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they wanted it for us, Jolly. Ever think of that?"

She watched a bee dart up from Uncle Zoltan's garden and hum against the screen. "I don't think I can stand a whole summer of it."

"Take it easy, Jolly. Don't get so excited. Give yourself a chance—a little time." He put his arm on her shoulder, gave her a little hug, and went out.

She listened as he went whistling up the street. At her desk, she rearranged the things Frank had disturbed. His words rang in her ears. "These are the things they've given America. Things you can be proud of, too. They had to come. America was a magnet. And they wanted it for us, Jolly. Ever think of that?" She sat down by the window and thought about it for a long, long time.

NEXT morning, when Jolly woke up, the first thing she did was take a deep breath of Uncle Zoltan's flower garden. The mock orange was in full bloom and its sharp, sweet fragrance overpowered everything else. Mother's cooking did not seem so unpleasant this morning. She looked around her room. It was tidy and neat now, and the trunk had been stored in the attic for the summer. She listened to the sounds outside the house, the distant put-put of a boat on the Sound, two children playing in the street. Then she listened to the sounds inside: Mother's step in the kitchen, the ticking of the dining-room clock, Mother's and Uncle Zoltan's voices. They were talking in Hungarian, and there was a chopping sound against a wooden bowl. Strudel today, and Mother had set Uncle Zoltan to work chopping the nuts.

For a moment the old surge of resentment swept over her, but with less sharpness than yesterday. Frank's words had made an impression like a branding iron on her thoughts. "Take it easy. Give yourself a little time."

She jumped out of bed and got dressed quickly. Last night she had made up her mind. This morning she would tell Mother about the job in Eastport.

When she walked into the kitchen Uncle Zoltan looked up. It seemed almost as if the sight of her took all the warmth and joy from him. He bent his head low over the chopping bowl, without even saying good morning.

Mother's voice was anxious. "Hello, Jolly."

Jolly went to the sink and let the water run for a drink. She thought, I'd better tell her quickly and get it over with. Keeping her back to them she said, "I'm going to take a job over in Eastport. They need vacation help in the City Hall."

For what seemed a very long time there was only the rhythmic sound of Uncle Zoltan's chopping. Then Mother's voice was calm and quiet as she replied, "That will be nice for you, Jolly. You can keep the money for your clothes next year."

Jolly turned around. She watched Mother roll the dough for the strudel. It was a ritual with her. The dough had to be so thin you could hardly see it. She thought, do I imagine it, or are her hands really shaking?

"You don't mind if I go?" she asked.

Her mother's eyes were gentle. "Yes, I mind. But I want my girl to be happy. That's the most important thing."

Jolly's throat felt dry. She drank a glass of water, but it didn't help. She felt hot, not so much from the heat as from shame. Her eyes hungrily took in her mother's gray

ringlets and the dimples in her plump elbows. She thought, I love her, and I want to do something to show it.

She went over to the table and stood beside her. "You roll out that dough like an expert," she said admiringly.

Her mother looked up in surprise. "You think so, Jolly?" She was smiling and there were dimples in her plump cheeks, too.

"I bet I could never do that, if I tried a hundred years."

Her mother laughed. "Sure you could. As good as me."

"Let me try." Jolly grabbed the rolling pin and rolled out the dough. She did it clumsily and the pin dropped from her hands, falling at Uncle Zoltan's feet. Jolly laughed as he picked it up and handed it to her. Mother and Uncle Zoltan laughed, too.

"I guess I need practice," she said. "Even if I get a job, I'll be home week ends. You can teach me how to cook, dear." She said "dear" in Hungarian.

Her mother flushed with pleasure. "You mean it, Jolly?"

"Sure I mean it. And Uncle Zoltan can teach me how to make stuffed cabbage. Like Aunt Jolanna made."

Uncle Zoltan's eyes were shining again. He forgot himself and spoke in Hungarian. "It will be the best cabbage in my garden. And the biggest." He looked up at Mother, afraid she might scold him for speaking Hungarian.

But she was not paying any attention to Uncle Zoltan at all. She was smiling at Jolly. She looked happy—happy for the first time since Jolly had come home.

THE END

WHERE IN THE WORLD?

Answers to Quiz on page 32

1. The Great Wall of China, showing black towers near Nankow Pass. Built in 204 B.C. as a defense against northern tribes, the Wall winds over the hills for about 1500 miles.

2. You must have recognized the twin towers and handsome central rose window of Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, France. It's been standing since the 13th century, contains some fifteen lovely chapels.

3. Night view of the famous four-faced clock tower of the English Houses of Parliament. Four times an hour Londoners hear the chimes of this largest, most accurate public clock in the world. Its hour bell is called "Big Ben."

4. The angle gives it away! It's the Leaning Tower, Pisa, Italy, which inclines 13' 8" southward. Because of the sinking, which began during construction, the spire of the famous campanile was never added.

5. New York City, of course—The Lower Plaza, in Rockefeller Center, which becomes a skating rink in winter. Top left, The British Building; right, French Building; the promenade between, "The Channel."

6. It's Rio de Janeiro, (meaning River of January) Brazil, showing the distinctive bullet-shaped "Sugar Loaf Mountain," which marks the 17-mile long harbor.

7. Independence Hall, Philadelphia, built (1732-1741) as the Pennsylvania State House. In this belfry hung the Liberty Bell. Here the Declaration of Independence was adopted; the Constitution drawn up.

Elena Finds Tomorrow

(Continued from page 15)

dreamer whose marks at school were never very high, should be the person to bring a health center to the village! How surprised Natán would be that the insignificant Elena should be the sponsor of such a brilliant plan. He might take another look at her then, in spite of those slim Anglos with their curly hair. He might look at her with admiration, the way Sergeant Joe Rivera had looked.

Doña Lucita was stirring her coffee, her eyes studying Elena's face. "There is what they call the Taos Plan. But I hear it does not always work well."

"Why not?"

"Oh, for this reason and that." Doña Lucita gave a Spanish shrug. "Each family pays a yearly fee, like insurance. Thirty-five dollars, I think. That is well, if they need to have a tonsil out, or the appendix. But naturally they do not like to pay and then have no sickness."

"But a clinic would catch small sicknesses before they grew big," Elena argued. "Like the time the Red Cross had those T. B. tests and Miss Ann got everyone in Valle to be x-rayed. Well, what then? Six children are growing up strong and well who might otherwise be sickly or dead."

"But what place is there for a clinic?"

Chin on hands, Elena stared into space. True, everyone in the valley owned his own home, and there was never a vacant house, except a few which had been built in the old fashion by a young boy's family, to be ready when he married. The custom was dying out. Natán's family had built him one, but Elena shied away from the thought of it. Don Cirilo and doña Lucita had built one for Emilio, and perhaps—

"You would not let them use Emilio's house?" Elena suggested.

Doña Lucita shook her head with finality. Right up to this spring she had kept the house well plastered, with Elena's help. So cared for, it could stand for a century, but if the rain and snow once crept inside its walls, it would begin to dissolve.

Until lately doña Lucita also had kept repaired the little old building beside Emilio's house, where Elena's father had kept a store to piece out his small income from farming. She thought Emilio might sometime use it himself.

"The store!" Elena cried. "Why could they not use Papa's store for a clinic?"

"It becomes a clinic, does it, just like that? Full of mice and spiders, and doubtless leaking?"

"In one day they could patch and clean it, and put on calamine and a ceiling cloth. Oh, please, Grandmother beloved, may they use it?"

"Who are 'they'?" doña Lucita inquired, flushing a little, as if embarrassed by the unusual "querida" from her granddaughter.

"Well, Miss Ann and Sister Benedetta always get behind good things. I will tell them about it tomorrow." Tomorrow? What was she saying? Tomorrow she would be gone.

"I suppose you have nothing in the world to do but traipse to two villages because you have been struck with a crazy idea that won't work?"

"Tomorrow is not an irrigating day. The cherries are not quite ready to pick, and I weeded the chilies yesterday. The house is

clean, the washing and ironing are done, and I have dyed more yarn for the homespun blanket." Elena flushed, remembering why she had worked ahead to have everything shipshape.

Doña Lucita shrugged again. "I suppose there would be no living with you if I said no. Only get along with the work now, so that you can be early to bed. It is half past six this minute."

Half past six! It was not yet too late to reach the crossroads by seven, Elena considered. Then she began to clear the table.

When doña Lucita, more weary than she would have admitted, was settled in her bed, Elena got the laundry box from the storeroom, unpacked it in the kitchen, and stoically hung her clothes away. She could not tell whether the tears trickling down her face were born of regret or relief.

Next morning she caught a ride down the canyon to Santa Lucia. Eagerly she ran around the high school to the Sisters' house. Sister Benedetta answered her knock, her fair face rosy and her blue eyes placid in the black-and-white frame of her coif.

"Sister!" Elena burst out, "I have an idea!"

"No!" Sister Benedetta exclaimed in mock amazement. "Not you! Surely you mean a dream, Elena. You always had plenty of those, especially in algebra class." She laughed and patted the girl's arm. "There, there, do not mind my teasing. It is not that you lack ability. Never did I see a girl at the same time so able and so uninterested. But come back into the rose garden and tell me about this miracle."

They sat gazing out from the fragrant shade into the hot, bright old plaza, while Elena told about doña Lucita, Pedro, and Refugio, and about her plan for a clinic in the unused store building. As she listened, the nun's gentle face clouded with sympathy and brightened with approval.

"How will you proceed?" she asked.

Elena widened flattering eyes at her. "Well, of course I thought of you and Miss Ann. With you two behind a project it is as good as done."

Smiling, Sister Benedetta waited.

"I thought you could go on with it from here," Elena stammered. "You would have no trouble getting a doctor and nurse, and the women would clean up the place if you asked them."

The Sister shook her head. "My dear, my hands are full with the school. I cannot take on another job such as this clinic." There she added comfortingly, as Elena's face showed her disappointment, "It is a grand idea, *hija*, but I am afraid you will have to be the one to manage it."

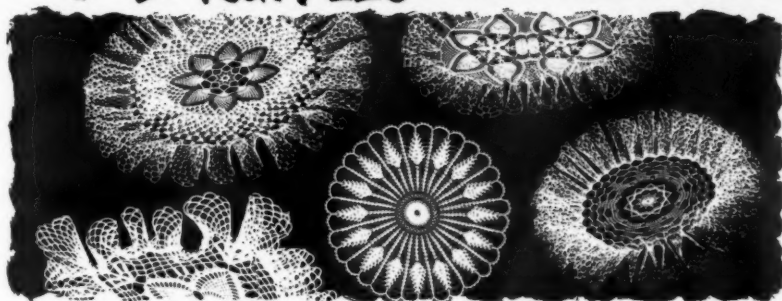
"But how can I?" Elena wailed. "I have no influence with doctors and nurses—and the place must be cleaned and kept in order."

"I might be able to help about the nurse and doctor," the Sister offered, "but you will have to arrange about the cleaning and running of the project. That will be up to the women of Mirador, and I am of Santa Lucia. If you are to put this dream into practice, Elena, I am afraid you will have to do the work yourself."

Feeling as if a load of bricks had just been dumped on her shoulders, Elena thanked her dejectedly and went out to the square. She felt a little deceitful not to have come straight out and told the Sister that she probably would not be her pupil any more; that she was not intending to re-

The American Girl

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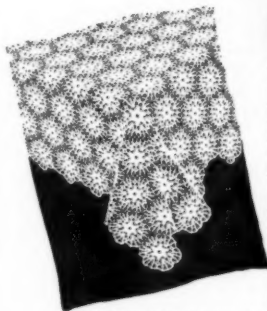


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WRITE FOR SAMPLES

turn to school in the fall. She had never meant to become involved personally in this clinic project, either. Why, she wouldn't even be in Mirador much longer. She might have given up Albuquerque; but when the cherries were harvested, she was going.

She caught a ride back to the crossroads and waited there, leaning against the signpost, until one of the Mirador storekeepers rattled up in his old car.

"Going to Valle?" he yelled.

Nodding and smiling, she climbed in. She did not attempt conversation, for the road was so rough that it required the driver's whole attention. Left to herself, Elena planned her talk with Miss Ann.

Arrived at the principal's gate, she followed Miss Ann's high, clear voice to a half-built house next door. Miss Ann was lifting a slab of adobe to the top of a rising wall, now level with her head. The big brick weighed some ten pounds, and Miss Ann unconsciously wriggled her slim shoulders as she and the khaki-clad builder turned at Elena's greeting.

"I always did like to build walls," she explained, wrinkling her nose in a grin, "especially when it's for one of our boys. You know Joe Rivera, Elena?"

Elena nodded shyly to the young sergeant. "A message from doña Lucita?" Miss Ann asked.

"No, Miss Ann, I came about an idea of my own."

Miss Ann's mouth twitched, and Elena hurried on. She did not want another teasing, especially with the sergeant resting his elbows on the wall, his eyes on her. Even though he was building a house, he did not look very solidly engaged, she thought.

"It is a clinic, Miss Ann. Mirador needs a health center. Grandmother says they could use our old store building, across the canyon. And Sister Benedetta thought you and she could find a doctor and nurse. I am sure the women would fix the place up, if you asked them." Elena's hurrying voice trailed off. Funny that two people so unlike as Sister and Miss Ann should have the same trick of looking right through you.

"Why, Elena, what a fine idea! You deserve a pat on the back. You go ahead and get the place ready and I'll help to secure a doctor and nurse."

Joe Rivera grinned and said in English, "You're O. K., kid."

Nevertheless, Elena rode home frowning. Why did they dump all the hard work and responsibility in her lap, as if thinking up the plan was not enough for one person? She would never get away from Mirador if she had to take charge of the clinic. She was tied enough by doña Lucita's injury and the work she did at home. She had no intention of forging more chains to bind her to Mirador. But apparently if her dream were ever to flower in reality, it would be up to her. Well, she'd do what she could while she was still at home.

During the next busy days she snatched every moment she could spare to gather helpers. First she went to the Padillas', where she found Isabella picking cherries. Swinging her slim levis from the tree Isabella listened, her expression changing from the tolerant one she usually had for Elena to open admiration.

"Now why didn't I think of that? It's swell, Elena. If you can rustle up some kids and their moms, I'll help."

Same old story, Elena thought: Everyone seemed astonished at Elena's having

such a fine idea, but unwilling to take any responsibility. Perhaps she ought to try Felicia Martinez, who had gone to grade school with her. Sitting on a bench by her door, pretty sandaled feet stretched out before her, head wrapped in a towel, Felicia was brushing red polish on her nails.

"Washing your hair?" Elena greeted her.

"No, home permanent. Elena, have you heard the news? Luz Duarte's family had a committee call on Connie's." This was the valley custom when a boy wanted to marry a girl. "The wedding will be soon, and we are sure to be bridesmaids. Let's tease Connie to have a rainbow wedding? Maize is very-very becoming to me, but you know Connie: she thinks there is no color but pink and—"

Impatiently Elena interrupted, "Felicia, I have something important to talk about."

"What could be more important than a wedding?" Felicia protested, and when Elena explained, she looked at her in horror. "How can you think up such hard work in the middle of this boiling hot summer? Wait until fall, and maybe Mama and I will help."

Elena snorted. "This is not something that can wait, like a haircut." And by fall she would be gone, she hoped. "It is no fault of ours that we do not have even more accidents and epidemics. You think it over while I talk to Anita and Margarita."

"Anita? No use," Felicia said placidly. "She got a waitress job in Española."

All in all, it was a discouraging afternoon. When Elena reached home she found Miss Ann rocking and visiting in the portal.

"Elena, I've grand news!" she called out at sight of the girl. "I've found a nurse for you, and two young doctors who just finished training in Mexico City. Services given free! The nurse will come up one day a week and the doctors will take turns. Do you think you can have the building ready by next week, say?"

Gloomily Elena shook her head. "Nobody is interested," she explained. "All the women have rheumatism or sick families. All the girls have beaux or are busy. I have walked my feet off trying to get help. I am sorry you have had all your bother for nothing. But I cannot do it all alone."

Her voice quavered childishly, but as soon as the words were spoken, she knew again that feeling of relief mingled with regret. Too bad—oh, too bad!—about the sick in Mirador. But she had done all she could. Hadn't she tried everyone she could think of? Hadn't she even given up her shining chance at a job in Albuquerque? The clinic would have been a burden, unquestionably. It would be fun to think now of lighter matters—to plan again for the time when she could leave.

Meanwhile a permanent might be fun. She would like to have her hair look well for the great adventure out into the Anglo world. Already she could see her lusterless braids turned into gleaming waves. She would impress Joe Rivera with the splendor of her hair. And Natán, when she saw him.

Her spirits had gone up and down and up again, like a dizzy car on a Ferris wheel, before Miss Ann opened her mouth to answer, but was halted by the pound of unsteady feet. Raquel, Refugio's elder sister, rushed crying into the portal.

"Miss Ann," she whimpered in baby Spanish, "my mama see your car. She say, 'Come, come quick.'"

"Refugio?" Elena cried. "Is she worse?"

"Oh, yes! She is very-very worse."

Elena snatched up the breathless Raquel and followed Miss Ann to the car, while doña Lucita called advice after them—mustard water, parched corn mush, and the like.

When they reached the house, one glance showed Elena how fast Refugio had faded in the past few days. She lay listless in her mother's arms, her breath shallow and noisy, and her lips blue. She seemed to have barely strength enough to push fretfully at Miss Ann and stretch out her hands to Elena to be taken.

"Hold her, Elena," Miss Ann directed, "while I try to take her temperature."

"Sing," Refugio ordered faintly, when Elena had taken her tenderly in her arms.

Her voice quivering, Elena sang one of the baby's favorite songs, "Little yellow bird with lemon-colored wings—" while Miss Ann held the frail wrist, felt the burning little head, and peered into the tiny throat.

"Not diphtheria," she said conclusively after that glimpse. Diphtheria had always been a deadly scourge in the Valley. "Yet something seems to interfere with her breathing. And it can't go on like this."

The baby's mother began to cry softly at the gravity of Miss Ann's voice, and Elena faltered in her song.

"I would do anything for her," she whispered. "Anything in this world."

"But that is the trouble, we do not know what to do!" Miss Ann turned to the mother. "Will you let me drive her to the hospital, doña Maria? It may be already too late, but I believe it is the only chance."

(To be continued)

Girls Behind the Ball

(Continued from page 17)

Then mark off a foul line 15 feet back on the ground, and aim for the bushel. As you get the feel of the height and distance, see how many throws out of every ten make the grade. Shots like those—usually two-hand underhand or chest throws from the foul line or a stationary position—are called "set-up shots" and it's possible to get so you can do them blind-folded!

So far, this has been all forward motion, but the defensive players on a team, the guards, are every bit as vital as forwards. It's their job to keep the opponents from scoring, a job which can be almost more technical than the forwards'.

Once upon a time about all a guard could do to obstruct an opposing forward was to hold her hands vertically in front of her, as though saying "Tsk Tsk" in a reprimanding sort of way. Now that's all changed and a guard is allowed great liberty. Legal guarding, in fact, allows the arm to be in any plane—horizontal, encircling, frantic semaphoring, wigwags, or up and down like a jack-in-the-box. Just so the guard doesn't touch the forward or the ball and thus constitute a technical foul (overguarding), she may do anything in her imagination to exasperate a forward and force her to throw the ball away wildly. She must have speed and willness and, once she's captured the ball, be able to pass quickly and set an offensive team play in motion.

Most guarding is taught on a "man to man" basis for beginners, where each guard is assigned one forward whom she shadows

(Continued on page 46)

For Your Valentines

by Elaine Louise Wilson

SEARCHING for a new way to send Valentine Day greetings? Then how about your own hand-painted hearts, made from individual tin or aluminum gelatin molds? They're so easy and inexpensive to make that you'll want some to decorate your own bedroom wall, use on the dressing table to hold bobby pins, or on your desk for clips or stamps.



A novel frame for a snapshot, motto, or favorite verse

WHAT YOU'LL NEED: Heart-shaped gelatin molds, individual size, (usually 5c each) from five-and-ten-cent, department, or hardware store. White enamel paint (4-ounce can costs about 25c) and a colored enamel paint to harmonize with the color scheme in the room. Paintbrushes: a 1" brush (about 15c) and one or two smaller (No. 2 or No. 3) ones for applying the decorative detail. Paint the inside of the mold white, allow to dry thoroughly, turn over and paint the outside in the color. For decoration, you'll need four small tubes of oil paint: white, yellow, red, and blue. These are your primary colors, and all other colors can be obtained by combining these. White is used to obtain pastel shades. A small amount of turpentine will thin your oil paints and clean your brushes. An old plate can be used as a palette; a small knife for mixing your colors. A



Or paint hearts and flowers, in gay free-hand style, on molds

drop of clear hard varnish mixed in with the oil paints just before using will speed up the drying process.

If the hearts are to be hung on the wall, you'll also need paper tab hangers (hardware, stationery, or picture-frame shops have these) to stick on the back of the molds, at the top center.

DESIGNS: Decorating the hearts is fun. You can paint gay bunches of flowers, individual blossoms, animals, first names, or initials. If you decide on lettering, draw it on paper first, then trace on the mold with a soft pencil. All other designs can be painted in freehand, and should be gay and loose. First decorate inside of mold, let dry, then repeat motif on the outside border. When the paint is dry, stick the tabs on the back and you're all set.

Two or three of the hearts can be hung one above the other on a broad, bright ribbon, the paper tab glued directly to the ribbon to keep the hearts in place. One such garland on each side of a dressing table adds that special something which can do so much for a room!



Initialed nut cups make ideal favors! First trace letters

SPECIAL USES: To use the mold to frame pictures, with one of your oil-paint colors, and a fine brush, make the outline of a heart inside the mold. Cut out a snapshot to fit inside this outline and glue it in place with rubber cement. Now decorate the sides of mold with a border of hearts and flowers or a lacy line. You can leave the snaps out and let your friends glue in their own pictures of favorite movie stars, friends, or pets. Cutout verse, quotations, or mottoes can be substituted for the snaps.

Giving a party soon? For a really different table decoration, print each guest's name or initials in the center of a heart and use as a place card. They make wonderful take-home party favors. If Mother's having the bridge club in around the 14th, she may want the hearts to serve as individual nut and candy dishes. For the next bazaar you'll be proud to add your handiwork—and watch it sell like hot cakes! Club insignias and school seals or monograms make salable motifs. And of course round, star, doughnut, pineapple, and other attractively shaped molds may be used, if you like, as well as hearts.

THE END

BOOKS

by Marjorie Cinta

Drawing by Abbi Damerow
from Teen-Age Manual



THE DAVENPORTS ARE AT DINNER.

By ALICE DALGLIESH. Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.50. Younger readers will enjoy this story of how a modern family reacts to problems, both large and small, which are shared by many actual people today. There were four young Davenports—two boys and two girls—waiting uncertainly one spring day for the arrival of Emily, their new stepmother. Father was an artist and a writer, and had a disturbing habit of keeping things to himself, but you would suppose even he would have thought to prepare his family for their new stepsister, Lynnette, who came as a complete surprise to the young Davenports. She was shy, strange, and very different from Emily, who fitted so beautifully into the family circle. In spite of Lynnette, things were going along pretty well when Father's latest book was rejected and their landlady wanted their beloved home, Pleasant Meadows, for her son. It was Kathy, the younger girl, who sold the idea of a family radio program, "The Davenports at Dinner" to the local radio station. That added new complications to their lives and when they had to move—all seven of them—into a renovated barn, it meant a good deal of readjusting. Even at the end of the book there are still problems to be met and you feel that there always will be with the lively Davenport family.

BITTERSWEET. By MARTHA BARNHART HARPER. Longmans, Green and Company, \$2.50. Lucy Barnhart's story describes in a wealth of authentic detail what life was like on a farm in the Pennsylvania Dutch country during Civil War years. Lucy was a loving sister to the younger children, delighting them with her gaiety and mothering them with sympathetic understanding. It was she who helped her disappointed young brother, Joe, when he was rejected by the Union Army. Life held a breathless happiness for the girl when the handsome new preacher "gallanted" her to box suppers, "festibles", and buggy rides. With his ring on her finger, she said a brave good-by, when he went off to war. Two years dragged by as Lucy waited for his return. Then her world was shattered by sorrow and nothing had power to arouse her from her grieving until a belated realization of Joe's need awoke Lucy to the fact that sorrow should not mean a selfish withdrawal from life but broader understanding and sympathy. The story ends on a note of hope and happiness. The Barnharts are the author's father's family and much of the book really happened.

TEEN-AGE MANUAL. By EDITH HEAL. Simon and Schuster, \$1.95. Here's a book in which you will very likely find the answers to whatever is bothering you. The subtitle calls it a "guide to popularity and success" and we think it's a good one. It was written to aid and encourage girls like you with your difficulties and perplexities and to show you how to

make the most of your teens. A teen-age board kept an eye on the manual throughout its preparation. Where they blue-penciled, the book was revised and their suggestions resulted in many additions. So you may be sure there is nothing stuffy, old-hat, or impractical about this advice. There are chapters on how to look the way you'd like to look, how to choose and wear your clothes, how to entertain, what to do in your leisure time, how to get along with and enjoy your family. Here are the tips on dating you are always seeking. When will you have your first date? What about the first few minutes and the last half hour of a date? How can you start a conversation? What about the business of being a wallflower? What about going steady? Any teen-ager, including you, can make the most of herself and her opportunities if she puts her mind to it, and this book has good suggestions for building a popular, well-rounded, happy and successful personality.

THE CHILDREN'S STORY BIBLE.

By HAROLD BEGBIE. The Grolier Society, \$3.95. This is a well-designed and truly beautiful book. The great stories of the Old and New Testaments are here reverently, simply, and dramatically told in vigorous modern prose. Here are the great figures of the Old Testament, with whom you are more or less familiar—Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Ruth and Naomi, David, Solomon, Daniel—in stories you will enjoy for their own sake. The story of Jesus and His ministry, and the message of the New Testament are presented for all ages and races. The book is based on the King James version of the Bible, and the sayings of Jesus, the stories of His birth and childhood, etc. are directly quoted from it. The differing characteristics, the human weaknesses, the steadfast courage and sublime faith of the twelve apostles make wonderful reading. The dramatic rise and spread of Christianity after the death of Jesus, is well told. All these and many more stories of the Bible are woven together and simply, objectively told as a connected whole. Perhaps you will know by heart many of the poetic selections from the Book of Proverbs and the Psalms of David as well as the fine old hymns which are also included. Beautifully and generously illustrated throughout with striking illustrations by Cyrus Leroy Baldridge, Herbert Morton Stoops, and Elliott Means, the book has also a gallery of religious subjects by world-famous artists, etchers, and sculptors. It is a book to read and enjoy and one from which you will turn with fresh interest to the reading of your Bible and new inspiration for daily living.

THE END

Girls Behind the Ball

(Continued from page 45)

like a detective, weight on toes, alert for the break to the basket, and always keeping herself between that hoop and her opponent. In the first few minutes of play, a good guard analyzes her forward's style of play, learning to anticipate her movements. If she pivots a great deal, she guards her closely. But if the forward uses bounce passes frequently and this year's new 'limited dribble'—which allows a forward to strike the ball in motion twice when it's on the bounce—she'll guard loosely so as to intercept the ball more readily.

Naturally, another major job of a guard is to keep her opponent from getting into a shooting position. One way this is accomplished brings in our sleight-of-handwork rule: never raise the hand that is toward the center of the court. By keeping that inside arm low, a guard will force her forward to pass the ball or move toward the side lines—away from the basket. For example: let's say you (guard) and your forward are both over on the side lines to the left of your basket. Your back is to the hoop, the forward is facing it. If you raise your right arm high (that being the arm nearest the center of the court) what's to prevent her from neatly ducking under it and running out into the center of court? But if you keep that arm straight out low like a railroad crossbar, then she can't go under; and if she charges into it, she'll make a personal foul. Rather than risk that, nine times out of ten she'll decide to run to your left, or down the side-line stripe, where she's naturally out of shooting focus. Keep those arm positions in mind from any spot on the court—obstruct her with the arm nearest the center of the court or basket.

Here's another thing about a good guard: she's "knee sprung." That may sound like a funny term, but the explanation is simple. In a shift of position let the knees lead; feet follow. Why? Because, primarily, a shift of position is a body shift, and knees are more closely related to your body, so you'll shift faster. Simple? Practice fast knee bends and frog leaps to keep those joints elastic, and if you don't believe the importance of this point, study the knee action of an expert guard! You will see that it's as springy as a rubber band.

Small girls are at no disadvantage in guarding, as speed and agility are prime requisites, and you can develop those by running short distances on your way to school to keep your wind up; stopping and starting shortly; shifting in the other direction, never forgetting about those knees!

Basketball's fun because you can take it home with you. You can even mark off a court 50' x 90', if you have room in your back yard. You can plant a pole at each end to represent the basket and tack a pair of rims ten feet up.

Wherever you're playing or practicing, remember that the best basketball outfit is easy, unrestricting; that clean, woolen socks—springy and absorbent—are important to performance; that every player must have a jacket or sweater to toss on as soon as the whistle blows; that wise eating and sleeping routines show up on the court. For you have to stay healthy to play the great American game of basketball!

THE END

First Lady of the U.N.

(Continued from page 11)

responsibility thrust upon her. The wise teacher deliberately placed on her young charge's shoulders most of the responsibility of the trips. Eleanor packed and unpacked for both of them, looked up trains, purchased tickets, and arranged all details.

"I am an old lady, not up to endless hours of sight-seeing, but you must see things for yourself," Mlle. Souvestre would say as she sent Eleanor out alone into a strange city—a procedure which would have horrified Grandmother Hall. But although Eleanor got lost now and then, she found people helpful and kind, and she gained a lot in independence. "I felt I was starting a new life—free from all former traditions and restrictions."

Eleanor would have liked to stay a fourth year at Allenswood, but, according to Grandmother Hall, eighteen was the age to "come out," so Eleanor resigned herself to her first season in New York society, and her name was put on the "right lists" for all the parties. It took only one party to convince the young girl that she never would be a popular debutante. It didn't surprise her, but it did make her life harder, for all the other women in her family had been real belles.

One exciting thing to come out of these parties was Eleanor's further acquaintance with her handsome fifth cousin once removed, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He de-

veloped a strong affection for his shy cousin, and eventually asked her to marry him.

The newly engaged couple traveled together to Washington to attend Theodore Roosevelt's inauguration as President of the United States. The two very interested young people sat in a family group on the Capitol steps and watched while Uncle Ted raised his right hand and took the oath of office.

"My, I'm glad we're here to see this," Eleanor whispered excitedly to Franklin. "There will never be another event like this in our family!"

And Franklin nodded agreement.

During the first ten years of her marriage, Eleanor Roosevelt slid very easily into the routine of letting her husband and his mother manage everything. She devoted herself entirely to her family, and gradually built up a wall around herself which almost completely isolated her from the rest of the world. She proved to be a dub at every sport she tried, and then, to climax her feelings of melancholy and sensitivity, her third child died when only a few months old. If she had kept on this way much longer, her feeling of inferiority would soon have buried her deep in a rut where all individuality was lost. But the tide turned suddenly, and Eleanor pulled herself up out of her rut by sheer force of will.

A strong sense of duty was the first rung on a ladder by which she climbed into the daylight of the outside world—into a life crowded with a multitude of interests. Franklin Roosevelt was elected to the New York State senate. He was now deep in politics, and Eleanor felt it was a wife's duty to be interested in her husband's work.

At first, her interest in questions of the day was little more than reflex action and puppet thinking. Fortunately, though, she had too much gumption to be satisfied with this robot reasoning for long, and gradually she emerged as an independent thinker. "I was beginning to realize," she says, "that something within me craved to be an individual."

Then Franklin Roosevelt was stricken with infantile paralysis, and his wife, calling on all her reserves of strength, emerged from this crisis the woman the world knows today. She could have given up easily. She might have retreated into her shell, allowing her husband to be a wheel-chair invalid the rest of his life, as his mother and others advised. But she faced the problem squarely. She acted as her husband's connecting link with the world while he made his long, tedious fight back to an active life.

She could have left her five children to their own devices. But if they were to learn to ride and swim and camp, Eleanor knew she would have to do these things with them, since their father could no longer take a part in these activities. It wasn't easy. She took swimming lessons, conquering a real fear of the water by sheer force of will. And she resumed the horseback riding she had given up years before.

The stern discipline of her childhood, her own energy, and the resourcefulness she had been forced to develop by a constantly changing set of circumstances as she grew up—these were very valuable to Eleanor Roosevelt now as she made herself become a more all-around person. She learned suddenly "that what I had to do could somehow be done." And there were so many things

3 R'S ADD ANOTHER— R FOR REFRESHMENT



Ask for it either way... both
trade-marks mean the same thing.

Jokes

IT'S HARDER

CUSTOMER: Does a man with as little hair as I've got have to pay full price to have it cut?

BARBER: Yes, and sometimes more. We usually charge double when we have to hunt for the hair.

Sent by ELINOR ROBBINS, Springfield, Pennsylvania.

CLEVER!

Mrs. BROWN: My son is only six and he can spell his name.

Mrs. JONES: My son is six, too, and he can spell his name forward and backward.

Mrs. BROWN: What's his name?

Mrs. JONES: Otto.

Sent by JOETTA BARNES, Elk Basin, Wyoming.

TIME OUT

"How did you sleep?" asked the hostess sweetly. "Was that couch all right for you?"

"It wasn't so bad," said her son's college friend amiably. "I got up from time to time and rested."

Sent by SUZANNE SPIRO, Chicago, Illinois.

ETIQUETTE

MOTHER: Don't dip your bread in the gravy. It's such bad manners.

SON: I know, Mother, but it's such good taste.

Sent by BARBARA PRINCELL, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

CORRECT!

MOTHER (teaching son arithmetic): Now take the Jones family. There is the mother, daddy, and baby. How many does that make?

SON: Two and one to carry.

Sent by ANNE EDWARDS, Sandy Spring, Maryland.

WHERE'S THE STRAP?

"My shaving brush is very stiff," complained the father. "That's funny," answered his son. "It was nice and soft yesterday when I painted my bicycle with it."

Sent by AMANDA PRITCHETT, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

SNAPPY ANSWER

DANCER: Can't you stretch the music a little—play just a dance or two more for us?

ORCHESTRA LEADER: Sorry, this isn't a rubber band.

Sent by BETTY ANN MCGOWAN, Philadelphia, Pa.

WIZARD

Two men were in a plane flying over a Texas cattle ranch. One remarked, "There are 1,228 head of cattle down there on the ground."

The other looked amazed and said, "I own that ranch, and happen to know that I have just that number of cattle. Tell me, how did you figure it out?"

"Why it's very simple," returned the first man. "I just counted all their feet and divided by four."

Sent by DIANE DAHMS, Kansas City, Missouri.

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.

LIFE WITH LIL

by Merrylen



"If she keeps that up nobody will like her!"

to do, once she looked around, that she has never stopped doing them.

Her interests are broad and varied. She has grown from a woman completely ignorant of her country's affairs into one of its keenest citizens. She ran the White House with efficiency and consideration for those who worked there. She learned to reach the average citizen by radio and newspaper. She has made more than half a million dollars and given it all to charity. She has delivered a thousand lectures, written at least a million and a half words, and traveled half a million miles or more.

She has championed the Negro, improving his hospitals, schools, and homes. In spite of her background of wealth and aristocracy she has worked hand in hand with sharecroppers and slum dwellers. She has become the personal friend of thousands of young people.

Eleanor Roosevelt has helped to build homes for the homeless, find jobs for the jobless. She has dug countless times into her own pocket to help someone pay off a mortgage, get started in a new business, or buy a pair of crutches for a little crippled boy. The list of her projects is endless—the warmth of her heart immeasurable.

After President Franklin Roosevelt's death his wife announced that she intended to lead "a private and inconspicuous existence." But she just hasn't had time to get around to it yet. When the United Nations is not in session she lives in an apartment on Washington Square in New York City. That is her permanent address, but she is there very little of the time. Her base of operations is a triangular area with one point at Hyde Park, another at Lake Success, and the third in New York City. And of course she makes many trips to California, Paris, London.

One or two mornings a week she sits at her desk in the Washington Square apartment, dictating to her secretary her daily newspaper column, which is read by four and a half million people. In spite of frequent interruptions by the telephone, which she answers personally because she likes to do things for herself, it doesn't take her long.

Answering the daily mail, however, takes a lot more time—each of the several hundred letters is answered conscientiously by Mrs. Roosevelt or by one of her staff. In a typical week, she receives ninety-five invitations to go somewhere or do something. About four fifths of these she must turn down because of a fact she has always regretted—that she cannot be in more than one place at the same time.

When the other members of the Commission on Human Rights of the United Nations elected Eleanor Roosevelt chairman, they didn't realize what an unorthodox one she would be. She actually read the texts of what had gone before, carefully, word for word, instead of just skimming; she attended every meeting possible. Once, when she was invited to a luncheon by the King and Queen of England, she replied, "I'd be delighted to come, but I'll have to leave early to attend a subcommittee meeting."

Her chairmanship of the Commission is dispatched with the same efficiency with which she runs her own private life. One year the Commission convened in early December. The delegates groaned. "That means none of us will get home for Christmas. You know how these conferences drag on and on," they said. But they reckoned without their chairman, who has seventeen grandchildren and feels very strongly about

spending Christmastime with her family. On December 3 she announced, "I expect delegates to attend to all matters on the agenda in two weeks," and on December 17th the Commission wound up its last piece of business. Mrs. Roosevelt's comment on this modern miracle was simply, "I just made them work from the beginning the way delegates usually work in the last few days of a conference."

Rudyard Kipling must have had Eleanor Roosevelt in mind when he spoke of one who could "walk with Kings nor lose the common touch." Her modesty and humility, in the face of the honors and praise which have been heaped upon her, are almost unbelievable. Once she told a friend she thought she must be getting old, because a young lady riding with her in a bus had risen and offered her a seat. It never occurred to her that this was a personal tribute.

Nearly all heads of government in and around the countries she has passed through during her United Nations trips have urged her to visit them and talk to their people. "It would do more for morale than anything we can think of," kings, queens, and presidents have said.

As she enters the assembly hall of the United Nations, her fellow delegates spontaneously rise to their feet, knowing that their first lady is a tower of unselfishness in a world where most individuals and nations are looking out primarily for their own interests.

They agree with thinking people everywhere that Eleanor Roosevelt always will have a part in shaping the destinies of her own country and of the world, as she keeps working to bring all nations closer to peaceful, lasting unity.

THE END



OUR FEBRUARY COVER

Lois Gardner, once again our February cover girl is quite an artistic young lady at fifteen years of age. In addition to attending Lodge Professional School to allow more time for her career as a sub-teen model, Lois loves to sketch and has done some interesting work in chalk, charcoal, and water color. Eventually she hopes to use this talent for fashion advertising. Lois is meeting her valentine in a soft Donegal-tweed wool suit designed by Rosenblatt & Kahn (about \$30). Under the trim boxy jacket with its notched lapel is a separate gold-colored vest (about \$5) that matches her Madcap beret. Young-teen sizes 10-14. You can buy this suit and those on pages 20 and 21 at the stores listed at the right.

Candy courtesy of Barricini Candy Shops.

YOU CAN BUY

the suits featured on the cover and on pages 20 and 21 at any of the following stores:

Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. N. Adam, Buffalo, N. Y.

Baker Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

L. Bamberger, Newark, N. J.

Davison-Paxon, Atlanta, Ga.

Dey Bros. & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

The Fair, Chicago, Ill.

Famous-Barr, St. Louis, Mo.

Filene's, Boston, Mass.

Halliburton's, Oklahoma City, Okla.

S. H. Heironimus, Roanoke, Va.

Hochschild, Kohn & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Howland Dry Goods, Bridgeport, Conn.

Hudson's, Detroit, Mich.

Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati, Ohio

May Company, Denver, Colo.

Pomeroy's, Harrisburg, Pa.

Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Yunker-Davidson's, Sioux City, Iowa.

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GREAT \$500 CATALOG PRICE FOR 10¢ OFFER!

(1) Big collection of 112 all different genuine stamps from Africa, South America, South Sea Islands, etc. Includes Airmails, Triangle and Animal Stamps; many others. (2) Four scarce unused United States, catalog price 40c. (3) Fine packet 25 different British Colonies - Burma, Hong Kong, Solomon Islands, etc. (4) U. S. \$5.00 high value. Total catalog price over \$5.00! Everything for only 10c to approval applicants! Big lists of other bargains given.

CRYSTAL STAMP CO., Littleton 14, N. H.

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Beautifully illustrated! United States Stamps. Bargains in Packets, Albums & Collector's Supplies. Special Offers! HARRIS & CO., 101 Transit Bldg., BOSTON, MASS.

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Only U. S. Colonial Triangle! Porto Rico Airmail, also Cook Islands, Indo-China, Syria, Ivory Coast, Japan "Slave" issue, Harco, Panama, Elephant Land, "Miss Africa", Cambodia, Pirate Island, Ship, etc. ALL GIVEN with approvals for 3c postage. Belmont Stamp Co., Dept. 210, Washington 10, D. C.

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Surprise package of Stamps 12 different Countries, 1 Watermark Detector, 1 Perforation Gauge, supply of Stamp Hinges, 1 Approval Sheet for Duplicate Stamps, 1 Rare Triangle to Approval Applicant sending 3c Postage. Belair Stamp Co., 2200 Park Ave., Dept. G, Baltimore 17, Md.

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200 BRITISH EMPIRE STAMPS—only 3c! Kenmore Stamp Co., Arlington 74F, Mass.

GIVEN—ILLUSTRATED CATALOG! Kenmore Stamp Co., Arlington 74F, Mass.

WOW!! \$10.00 WORTH OF FUN — ONLY 10¢!

What a treasure hunt! Big package 500 Foreign Stamps from foreign missions, other sources. Includes Stamps from Africa, South America, Free French, Somali, Palestine, etc. Includes airmails, commemoratives and stamps worth up to 50c. This offer sent for 10c to Approval Applicants only.

JAMESTOWN STAMP CO., Dept. 90, Jamestown, N. Y.

Cactus Plant and Triangle—Given! (as shown) Ivory Coast, Guinea, Nippon, Palestine, etc. Includes Pirate & "Fairy Tale" stamps, Arabian 3 language stamp, Sea Lion & Snake, French & Portuguese Colonies, etc. ALL GIVEN with approvals for 3c postage. Paradise Stamp Co., Dept. 100, Washington 10, D. C.

GIVEN!

Foreign Coin, Banknote and large illustrated coin list GIVEN to approval service applicants for 3c postage. BARGAINS! 3 Indianhead cents, 10c Wooden nickel, 10c Chinese Dollar, 5c. TATHAM COIN CO. 425 SPRINGFIELD MASS.

WORLD'S LARGEST STAMP!

A real curiosity! A stamp as large (7 1/2 x 14 inches) it will occupy a full page in your album. Retail for 50c. Given to approval service applicants sending 3c postage. STAMPS! All different, 500 for \$11.000 for \$2. TATHAM STAMP CO., Springfield 4, Massachusetts

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Packet of fascinating stamps GIVEN to applicants for our colorful approvals—for only 3c. C. McEWEN, 223 PARK AVE., ARLINGTON, MASS.

50 diff.

SOUTH & CENTRAL AMERICA - 20c 200 diff. World Stamps... 25c 500 diff. World Stamps... \$1.00 SMITH & CO., Box 6618, N. E. Sta., Kansas City, Mo.

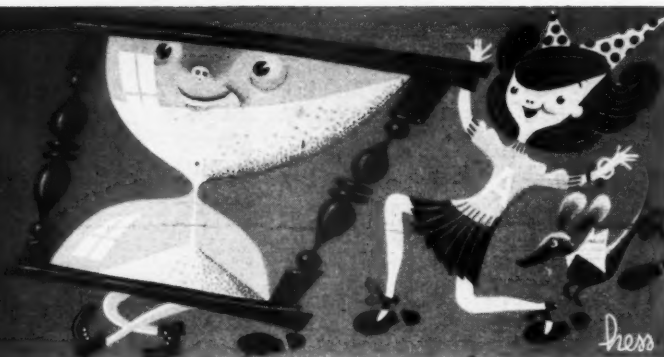
GIVEN

GILBERT ELLICE, Cook Islands, Tonga, Seychelles, Ascensions —GIVEN to approval applicants. Viking, 130-K Clinton St. Brooklyn 2, N. Y.

What Are "Approvals"?

"Approvals," or "approval sheets," mean sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. The only obligation on the part of the recipient of "Approvals" is that the stamps must be returned promptly and in good condition, or paid for. The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as when received, enclosing with it the price of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, street address, city, postal zone number, State, and the invoice number.

In Step with the Times



by LLOYD WELDON

Treasury Chest

Behind the pillars of the Treasury Building in Washington, D. C., lie billions of dollars—and in addition, as varied a collection of precious junk as can be imagined.

In the course of time an amazing variety of material has been turned over to the Treasury for safekeeping. Diplomats, for instance, leave behind in their embassies such things as papers and jewels. Citizens of other countries entrust valuables to our consuls, and never are heard from again. Money and bonds are turned over to the Treasury by other governmental departments. Much of this material is never claimed, and the Treasury goes on, year after year, guarding pins and rings, Confederate money and mining stock, as carefully as our country's money.

This strange collection is divided into two parts. Into Conscience Donations go all the strange gifts which every year people feel impelled—for one reason or another—to send to the Government. Twice a year these are auctioned off by the Customs Service.

But it is the "permanent" section of the collection which is the most interesting. Here, for example, are 3,000 Russian rubles which a Baroness Hofen left with the American consul at Istanbul in 1933 and never returned to claim. Here is a gold medal awarded to Wallace W. Forbes, yellow-fever inoculation hero who worked with Dr. Reed in Cuba—but the hero has never been located. A box containing bonds of the State of Louisiana and the City of New Orleans has lain in the vaults since Civil War days. Then there is a scarf pin, sent from Istanbul to a man in Brooklyn, New York who never was found; and 6,000 shares of mining stock, left long ago with the American consul in Rangoon.

What tales of romance and tragedy, of mystery and intrigue, lie behind this "junk"? But regardless of their material value or the stories back of them, the Treasury guards them all, for they may be precious possessions to those who can claim them.

Topsy-Turvy Zoo

Can you imagine a zoo where human beings are locked up and wild animals roam at large? Where people occasionally are allowed to spend the night in tiny huts behind wire fences and padlocked gates? Well, if you were to hop a plane to South Africa, you'd find the world's largest game preserve run in exactly this fashion.

This animal Garden of Eden takes up some eight thousand square miles (an area about

as large as Massachusetts) in the "lowveld" in the northern section of South Africa. Part of the park is closed between September and June, but for the remainder of the year the entire area is free from malarial mosquitoes and open to visitors.

Toward the close of the last century, game hunting in South Africa was at its height, and the South African Government realized that unless something were done, the con-

able monster; another, that the gasoline odor masks the scent of the human beings. Whatever the reason, people are quite safe in their automobiles with the engines running.

The only human interference with the animals is when occasionally an injured lion is shot because, being unable to bring down fast game, the animal turns to easier prey, and might become a man-killer. But for the most part the wild beasts are sleek, well-fed, and happy in their unspoiled home.

QUICKIE QUIZ

In February we observe the birthdays of two famous Presidents—Washington and Lincoln. How many of these other famous people, also born in February, can you identify?

1. The man who said, "Go west, young man."
2. The first man to fly alone to Europe.
3. The Home-Run King.
4. Composer of "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life."
5. Author of "David Copperfield."
6. A pioneer for women's rights.
7. Author of "Les Misérables."
8. Composer of "Spring Song."

ANSWERS

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Horace Greeley | 5. Charles Dickens |
| 2. Charles Lindbergh | 6. Susan B. Anthony |
| 3. Babe Ruth | 7. Victor Hugo |
| 4. Victor Herbert | 8. Felix Mendelssohn |

continent's unique wild life and magnificent animals would become extinct. So in 1898 President "Oom Paul" Kruger proclaimed the area around the Sabi River in the Transvaal Republic an animal reserve, and named an Englishman, Colonel J. Stevenson-Hamilton, as warden for six months. Colonel Stevenson-Hamilton remained for forty-two years as head of the reserve, which was renamed Kruger Park in 1926.

Today the park is laced with 1,200 miles of roads which intersect the animals' feeding grounds and water holes. Cameras are the only weapons allowed in the reserve, and the animals have no fear of human beings. Visitors may drive within a few feet of the animals, but they are forbidden to leave their cars or to shut off the motors.

Lions, giraffes, zebras, antelope, elephants, baboons, and scores of other wild beasts prowl about, crossing and recrossing the roads, but never attack the cars. One theory is that the smell of the gasoline makes the animals regard a car as a strange, untouch-

Happy Birthday!

This month 2,200,000 Boy Scouts of the United States will celebrate the thirty-ninth anniversary of an organization which has brought to millions of boys the chance to take part in healthful, outdoor living; to gain valuable training in skills and crafts; to play an active, worth-while part in helping their country—and, best of all, to have fun while doing all this.

Back in the 1880's, when the late Lord Baden-Powell was a colonel in the British Army, he used to see the Zulus of South Africa send their teen-age sons to spend a month alone in the jungle, armed only with a spear. He saw, too, that the young army recruits from England, while they knew how to care for their rifles, were unprepared in other ways for the strenuous army life.

Colonel Baden-Powell watched the Zulus; he read about the American Indians, the Pacific Islanders, and the training of King Arthur's knights—and from this conglomeration he evolved a set of rules for scouting!

In 1907 "B-P" organized the first troop of twenty-one Boy Scouts at Brownsea Island, in England, and in 1910 a Chicago publisher, William D. Boyce, incorporated the Boy Scouts of America, in Washington, D. C. From England and America Scouting has spread to seventy other countries, and has been taken up by four and a half million boys. Many an American serviceman in the recent war put to good use, in military training and actual warfare, the skills he gained in his Boy Scout days.

Besides the fun and the benefits derived from the healthful, outdoor program, the Boy Scouts have done much to help their country—in peacetime by planting trees, building firebreaks, helping in national and community welfare work; in wartime by taking part in salvage work, food and clothing collections, and special drives.

To mark this birthday celebration, the organization will launch this month a two-year program with the slogan "To Strengthen the Arm of Liberty." All the world surely will wish them success.

THE END



Sell **EVERYDAY** **GREETING CARDS**

You'll feel like cheering, too, when you see all the easy money you make for yourself or your favorite club taking orders for Artistic Everyday Cards. These amazing values at 60c to \$1.00 for big quantity box assortments of fine quality, gorgeous Greeting Cards are all actually self-sellers. Just show samples you receive on approval. You'll make all the extra cash you want!

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Why, right in your own family you have several customers. And the parents of your friends, your teachers, neighbors, merchants and every other person you know is certain to buy, too, when you show them such gorgeous Greeting Card selections as our "Butterfly" Everyday Assortment. At only \$1.00 per box, it's a value without equal—an automatic **GIANT PROFIT-MAKER** for you! Other year 'round cash-producers include Assortments of Birthday, Anniversary, Humorous, Get-Well Cards and Gift Wrappings. Also 50 cute "Charmette" Everyday Notes with **NAME IMPRINTED**, Personalized Napkins and Floral Stationery . . . all wonderful values that sell fast, pay you well! Show Name-Imprinted Stationery. Everyone needs it and buys it! You make big profits all year long.

SAMPLES GET YOU STARTED SEND FOR YOURS TODAY!

Act at once for big, easy extra earnings with Artistic Everyday Greeting Cards. Fill out and mail coupon below for sales-making Samples on approval. Do it **AT ONCE!**



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135 Way St., Elmira, N. Y.

OF COURSE I want to make extra money quickly and easily! Rush Sample "Butterfly" Everyday Assortment on approval. Also send **FREE** Samples of Name-Imprinted Charmettes, Napkins and Floral Stationery.

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MANY
MORE
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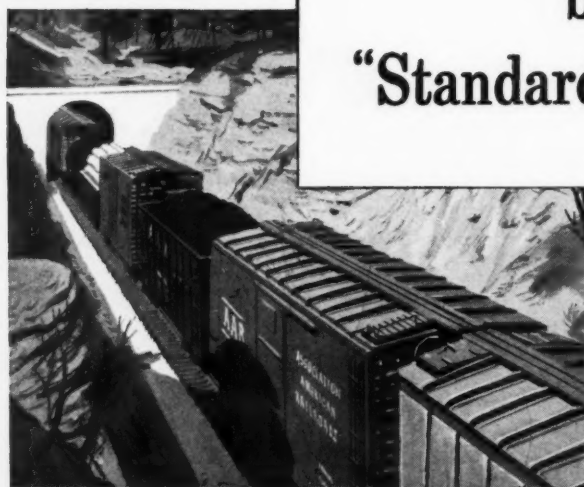


A GAUGE FOR MEASURING
AIR-BRAKE PRESSURE?

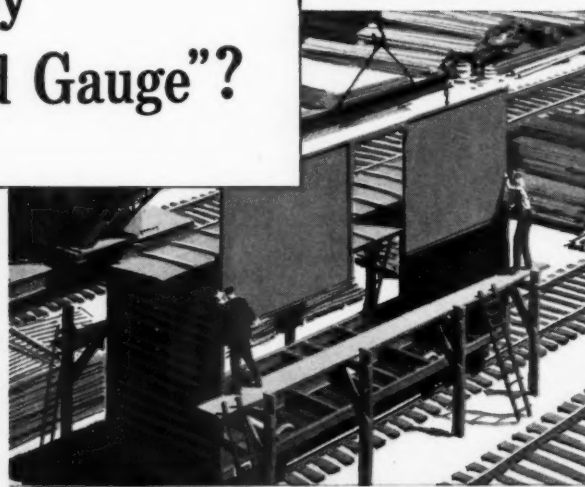


THE DISTANCE BETWEEN
THE RAILS OF A TRACK?

What is meant by "Standard Gauge"?



A STANDARD "CLEARANCE" OR HEADROOM
FOR RAILROAD TUNNELS?



THE GAUGE OR THICKNESS OF THE STEEL
USED ON THE SIDES OF FREIGHT CARS?

"Standard Gauge" always refers to the distance between the rails of the track. This distance today on American railroads is 4 feet 8½ inches.

Many years ago railroad tracks were built to more than a dozen different gauges, some as narrow as 2 feet, others as wide as 6 feet. This meant that where one railroad ended and another began, freight had to be unloaded and transferred to another train—or the trucks under the cars had to be changed for ones that fitted the next railroad's tracks. Both ways took time and increased the

cost of rail transportation.

Adoption of "standard gauge," completed in 1886, made it possible for the railroads to move their cars without interruption over each other's tracks and in each other's trains.

Because of such things as "stand-

ard gauge" tracks, standard parts for rolling stock, and other aids to efficiency, American railroads today provide a continent-wide service—the most economical mass transportation in the world.

That's one of the big reasons why America produces more, and American families enjoy more good things than any other people in the world.

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